





Puppets and Set by Forrest C. Crooks

# LEGION



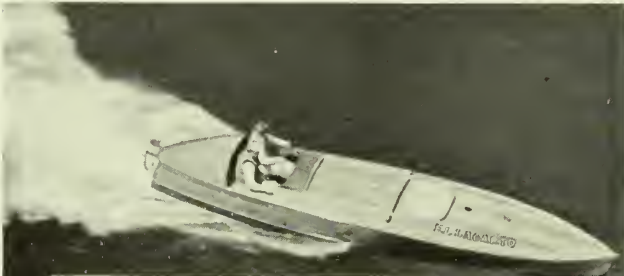


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# TRUE WEALTH

By Otto H. Falk

**W**HEN times have been hard for a while, people get to figuring out ways to restore prosperity. In their forced-draft figuring they are likely to overlook some basic truths. Now the situation is easing up for a good many folks. It is a good moment to pause in our search after panaceas and to consider the most fundamental fact about wealth and prosperity, about prosperity and poverty.

However the economists may define it, wealth consists of those goods which are of use to mankind. Few indeed are the useful goods of which there is available a supply great enough to go around among all the people who want them. This shortage of goods is the cause of poverty, for poverty is the lack of those things which it would be useful to possess.

Money is not wealth. Rather, it is a medium for exchanging wealth, a symbol or a token of wealth. This distinction is of major importance. Until we understand it, our thinking cannot be really clear. Wealth is something you can eat or wear or drive or make goods with or otherwise use. Money is not inherently useful, it is something—like a baggage check—into which wealth may be temporarily converted as a matter of convenience. It is not, then, important in itself, but merely important in what it will buy.

Wealth is goods—wheat or machinery, wool or gasoline, steamboats or pencils. The wealth of a people, a nation's prosperity, is solely a matter of how much goods are available to be used by the people. It makes no earthly difference how much money is passed around from hand to hand. You can't eat dollar bills, but you can eat bread. If the nation can produce enough bread for everyone, the nation need not go hungry, and in respect to food need not be poor. So it is throughout the list of useful goods.

Whatever setbacks we may have suffered, along with most of the rest of the world, we should keep in mind that this country has a real future as long as we have the ability to produce more goods than our people have ever used. Our machinery of distributing these goods has creaked and groaned, but the productive capacity is there, and in time we shall get the kinks out of the distributive processes.

Back in the 1920's we were proud that our people had attained a standard of living higher than that ever attained by any great people of the world. I suspect that, with all the maladjustments and misery which admittedly exist, we might still rightly claim this distinction. Certainly, so long as we maintain our capacity to produce more and better goods, we are bound to be headed toward a still higher

standard of living, regardless of the impediments and obstacles which our mistakes may place in our way.

Consider a couple of examples. Everyone knows how much better is today's automobile—how much better value, too—than was ever any previous year's automobile. The consequence is that the makers have sold more of them, which adds to the national wealth and to the people's standards of life. In our business we make, among hundreds of products, tractors. One of our tractor plants, erected early in the depression, was equipped to make twenty-five tractors a day. Steadily we have been improving our tractor, at the same time improving our manufacturing methods so that we take fewer and fewer man-hours to make a tractor. Results? Well, we are now making seventy-five tractors a day in that same factory. We are giving more employment in the factory—though less employment per tractor. And we are giving the farmers and contractors of this nation three times as many tractors for use as we could give them five years ago. This is a first-rate instance of increasing the national wealth. The people who buy the tractors make money with them, we make money with them, the factory workers make money producing them. Then we all turn around and use this money to obtain for ourselves the goods which are true wealth.

It is not only the automobile and the tractor makers who do such things. American producers of all kinds—farmers, miners, manufacturers, all the rest—are steadily yet rapidly learning how to do their jobs more efficiently. They are improving their machinery and other equipment, they are producing better products at prices which the general public can more easily pay. We know this at first hand, for we sell just this kind of equipment. And we are selling these pieces of equipment in quantities which show how extensively the production standards are being raised.

I do not blindly hold that this nation will always be prosperous, that it will forge forward forever to higher standards of living for its people. Such sweeping prophecies are beyond

my knowledge, consequently I do not care to make them. There are, however, certain facts which to me are so self-evident as to be almost obvious.

This country's farms and mines and factories have capacity to produce far beyond any output we have yet attained. People want these products, need them. So the goods will flow from producers to consumers, with consequent increase in national prosperity. And I see no prospect of anything but greater prosperity so long as this capacity to produce exists.

*FROM time to time, a page of The American Legion Monthly will be turned over to a special guest editor—some prominent figure in American life, Legionnaire or non-Legionnaire, whose views on problems of present-day concern are worth recording and worth reading. Guest editors will, of course, have the privilege of saying what they choose to say and of saying it in the manner they think fit. In this issue the Monthly takes pleasure in presenting Otto H. Falk, Chairman of the Board of Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, and officer and director of dozens of major corporations. General Falk saw active service in Cuba and Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American War and held the rank of brigadier general when he retired from the Wisconsin National Guard back in 1911*

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

JULY, 1936

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521 Fifth Avenue, New York

★ THE Cleveland National Convention now enters the counting-the-days-until stage. From July 1st to September 21st equals on any calendar eighty-three days, or twelve weeks. On page 31 are a lot of good reasons why, if you're going, you should register in advance.

IN THE fourth annual aerial membership roundup, seventy planes carried into Indianapolis on May 3d 52,118 membership cards, bringing the national total to 806,331, a gain of 52,291 over the corresponding date last year. How many of your acquaintances who are not Legionnaires ought to be? They'll all be in eventually. Get them in now.

TED MEREDITH (pages 16, 17) wrote his name imperishably into sports history in 1912 at the age of nineteen when he was crowned champion of the Olympics 800-meter run at Stockholm. The American coaches didn't know just what to do with the barrel-chested youngster from Mercersburg Academy who could run anything from the sprints on up. They sent him out as a pace-setter for John Paul Jones in a 1500-meter trial, and Meredith actually beat the greatest of before-the-war milers. It was finally decided to send him into the 800-meters, where the veteran Melvin W. Sheppard, who had won for America at London in 1908, was still the country's No. 1 man. Braun of Germany was the big threat to Yankee supremacy in this race, and the coaches instructed Meredith to take the lead and set a killing pace, in the hope that Braun would follow it and that Sheppard would then have a comparatively easy time winning. So Meredith put it on for all

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Please report change of address to Indianapolis office, including old and new addresses. Allow five weeks for change to become operative. An issue already mailed to old address will not be forwarded by post office unless subscriber sends extra postage to post office. Notifying this magazine well in advance of impending address change will obviate this expense.

he was worth. In the closing moments of the race the fellow who was crowding him was not Braun, as he feared. It was Sheppard, and he chased Ted into a new world's record for the race, 1:51.9. Ted went on to become a track brilliant at Pennsylvania. What might he have done in 1916 at the never-never Olympics that didn't get to Berlin?

TWO THOUSAND squadrons of The Sons of The American Legion now, and with them 3,000 troops of Boy Scouts sponsored by American Legion posts. No Legion interest is more important than bringing boys of today onto the stage of tomorrow. As added evidence of the Legion's interest in boys, the National Executive Committee at its May meeting indorsed the proposal that every Legion post sponsor at least one Junior Baseball team and that each post have a Junior Baseball Committee. A half million boys play on Legion teams each year.

LEONARD H. NASON will answer "Present!" or "Here!" or "Yo!", as the case may be, in the August number with "Class in Sculpture," another hilarious and veracious episode in his complex militarization. August is tennis's own month, and R. Norris Williams 2d will hark back seventeen years to a championship event that was actually billed "World's Greatest Tennis Tournament," though Mr. Williams had nothing to do with naming it. Kayre Leeds, an Auxiliare who has been in France for fifteen years, will tell what it's like to be home again. Karl Detzer's hero moves on toward the heart of his problem, and there will be a dozen or so other features.

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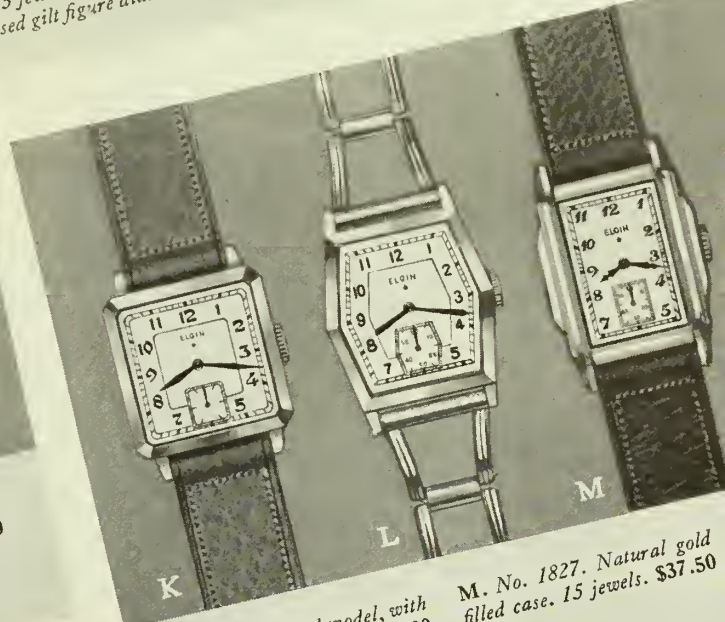
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FROM OUTSIDE THE STADIUM comes a swelling roar of cheers. All eyes turn toward the gate. Through it comes a single runner bearing a torch . . . last man in a two thousand mile relay from the shadow of Mount Olympus. Now the torch that thousands of runners have borne across Europe lights the Olympic Flame . . . and the 1936 Olympics begin. Fleet-footed Finns . . . English hurdlers . . . Japanese swimmers . . . American sprinters . . . match their might. Bill Slater will be there . . . sending vivid word pictures by radio across the Atlantic to be broadcast throughout America. Philco will bring these broadcasts through a nearby station . . . and bring additional broadcasts in English direct from Berlin! The new 1937 Philco *Foreign Tuning System* shows you exactly where to tune for foreign stations . . . and, by automatically tuning the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial, it more than doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy! Let Philco bring you everything radio offers!



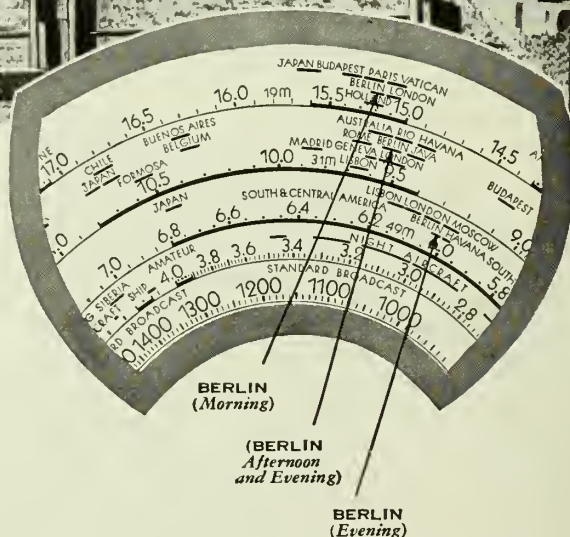
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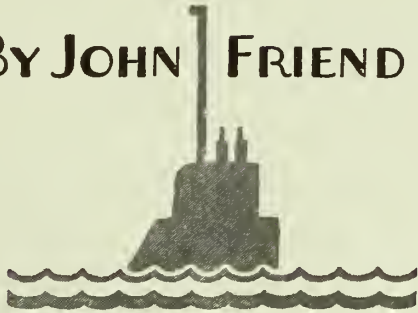


Listen to the Olympic broadcasts direct from Berlin! Berlin and other important foreign cities broadcast on different frequencies at different times of day. Philco gives you *all* these frequencies . . . and the new Philco Spread-Band Dial shows exactly where to tune!



# The RISE and FALL of the U-103

BY JOHN FRIEND



*Illustration by Will Graven*

Another member of the U-boat crew grasped the hose the Yank sailor had thrown down

LIFE on a destroyer in the war zone in 1917 and 1918 was seldom dull. A placid and somnolent crew would burst into a rash of activity at a hail from the crow's nest, "Something in the water dead ahead, sir! Looks like a periscope!" (But it never was.) Or the long graveyard shift from midnight to 4 A.M. would be enlivened by a playful porpoise dashing for the ship's side, accompanied by a stream of phosphorescent bubbles, whereupon someone was sure to yell, "Torpedo!"

As seaman, second class, and newly attached to the U. S. S. *Davis*, I was the lowest of the low and practically beneath contempt, but the spirit of the destroyer flotilla was so contagious that I soon felt personally responsible for the safety of the huge troopships we convoyed. Of course we were all pining for action in a big way. One day when we were out on patrol we spied a big Allied cruiser where no Allied cruiser had a right to be. We challenged her by radio—no answer. We challenged again—still no answer. Aha! We trained out the torpedo tubes and steamed at thirty knots for the enemy. Just as our commander was about to give the order to fire, the cruiser sent up a belated set of signal flags. She was British, after all, and serious international complications were narrowly averted.

In addition to the regular peace-time armament of four triple torpedo tubes, four four-inch guns, and a couple of anti-aircraft one-pounders, we carried two long racks of depth-charges—deadly cylinders of dunnite which could be exploded at a predetermined depth below the surface by the pressure of the water. Any one of these ashcans (and we carried eighty) would seriously cripple a submarine if it exploded within a quarter

of a mile of her. Our skipper took an innocent and childish delight in seeing the huge geyser of water that would fly fifty feet into the air when a depth-charge exploded, and consequently we dropped them upon the slightest provocation. The merest suspicion of an oil slick upon the water was a (Continued on page 62)





# HOLLOW *Laughter*

A WELL-LOVED trouter of the A. E. F. highways and byways passes up her customary cheerio for a starkly tragic tale about an unending war after the war

A True Story  
by  
Elsie Janis

“TIME heals all wounds but oftentimes leaves a scar.” Terrible to admit that I don’t even know who said it or if the quoting is correct but I’ve reached that strange stage of honest frankness that sometimes accompanies folks over the border between the permanent thirties and the inevitable forties.

Whether time healed, whether it sometimes left a scar, meant not a great deal in my scarless career until I got a whole truckload of the aforementioned scars lately in a motor mess-up. Suddenly I found myself well ensconced in the Valley of Retrospection. I was back in France where it was my job to kid the poor “A. E. F.” guys, who had taken it—not only on the chin but practically everywhere on their shattered chassis that they were lucky to be alive and suffering in the dressing station or hospital where I was doing my supposedly valuable but, perhaps to some of the fellows, “hard to take” cheerio-ing. If anyone had dared to sing at me while I lay on my fracture bed, I’m sure I would have tried to kick with the leg that had ten pounds of doctor’s orders hanging on it.

However, to get back to the Valley of Retrospection, I submit a little story I have never even told, let alone written. The locale is Baccarat, France—year 1918. I wouldn’t dare bring up that other war if the Press were not daily boring me in their efforts to try to make the perhaps still remembered Ethiopian affair pretty important.

“What’s a Nile between nations?” says me as I go into my story. Lights! Sound effects!—and brickbats if you feel that way. You can’t faze me, buddy. I’ve been socked by a truck.

“HEY there! Pull down that blind or turn out that light.”

I felt that the voice could belong only to an M. P. Out went the three candles I had coaxed, wheedled, and finally bribed the bonne to give me. She was very partial to les américains but for a French person to get more than one candle from that browbeaten maid of all work in that funny little wreck of a hotel at Baccarat would have been nothing short of magic.

The little town was being strafed by the Boche nightly and lights were taboo. Why should anyone want to see their face in a war anyway? They should be content that they still had one.

In complete darkness I felt my way to the window and leaned out into the inky emptiness of the night. In the distance the apparently tireless gun roared—ours?—or theirs? One never knew whether German, French, or American—their growling,

barking, and whining was equally ear-splitting and nerve-racking. As my eyes, cat-like, grew accustomed to the darkness, I saw him standing just below my window—six feet of khaki-clad insolence. In his hand, the ever-present and equally ever-ready baton confirmed my first impression—one of those so-and-so’s that won the war, a military policeman. His expression I could not see and







**"I leaned out a little further, hoping he would recognize me. Not a chance"**

from his tone of voice, I gathered it was just as well I couldn't. "What's the big idea?" he yelled. "Want a bomb for a bed-fellow?"

"Hush!" I said. "The Germans will hear you."

"Oh! Excuse me, ma'am. I thought you was an officer."

"No!" I leaned out a little further, hoping he would recognize me, perhaps by my voice, and tell me that he enjoyed the show I had given in the Y hut that night. Not a chance—he only knew I was a woman and his inflection, though a trifle more polite, let me know that he thought I was decidedly out of the picture in the shell-shaken and bomb-bruised town of Baccarat.

"If you got to have a light, close your window," he growled.

"It's so hot!" I sighed pathetically.

"It'll be hotter if the Huns put on a show."

"Do you think they will tonight?"

"Well," he drawled, "if they spot your cathedral decorations they may give you a nice private one."

He was leaning against a battered lamp post now. I imagined I could see his teeth for his voice had a smile in it.

"Were you at the Y tonight?" I said.

"The Y!" he scoffed. "I'm a minister's son. I came to the war to duck religion."

"But there was a show at the Y tonight."

"Yeah? Some guy reciting that wouldn't dare do it at home?"

Frankly, my pride was a bit battered.

"No!" I said. "Elsie Janis was there."

"Who's she?"

My pride fell out of the window and lay at his large feet unnoticed.

"Where are you from?" I asked sharply.

"Meadville, Florida."

I reached quickly for my pride but he had kicked it again.

"And I never heard of her!" he added with finality.

"I don't suppose she ever heard of you!" I said a bit peevishly, "but she's a well known Broadway star."

"Yes? Then what's she hanging around the Army for? These birds don't need actresses—they need discipline."

"Well! You give it to them. I'm going to bed."

I withdrew from the window and waited for his comeback.

"Good night!" he called. "I'll wake you if 'Fritz' comes over."

Creeping back, I got into the ancient bed which sagged under me creakingly. Boom! Boom! The guns sounded like a summer thunder storm. Every minute, somewhere someone dying! I lay quite still. Below in the narrow cobbled street he was whistling—"Lead Kindly Light"! Pretty

good for a minister's son, I thought.

At noon next day the usual crowd of officers, Y. M. C. A. workers, and curious villagers, who couldn't quite fathom my role in the "Big Show," gathered around the car to see us off. We were going on up the line. Their thanks and good lucks were hearty—their faces beaming.

"God bless you, Elsie!" "Good luck, Miss Janis!"

"Oh, Miss Janis!" the Y man said. "This is Slim Reed—he wants to speak to you." He pushed a tall, shy fellow forward, who rather carelessly saluted. Somehow, I knew it was my "pride wrecker" of the night before.

"Excuse me, Miss Janis. I want to say I'm sorry I wise-cracked about you followin' the Army last night. The fellows have told me what a great treat you—"

"Be yourself!" I interrupted. "I loved talking to you and," I added, "I'll see you when I play Meadville."

"I'm going to write my missus I've met you," he said proudly.

"Be sure to tell her I was in my nightgown," I called.

As the car moved, I looked back. He was standing waving his hand and on his arm, the red band with its white "M. P." flashed in the sunlight. Slim Reed—slim as a reed. "I'll bet he's a riot in Meadville," I thought.

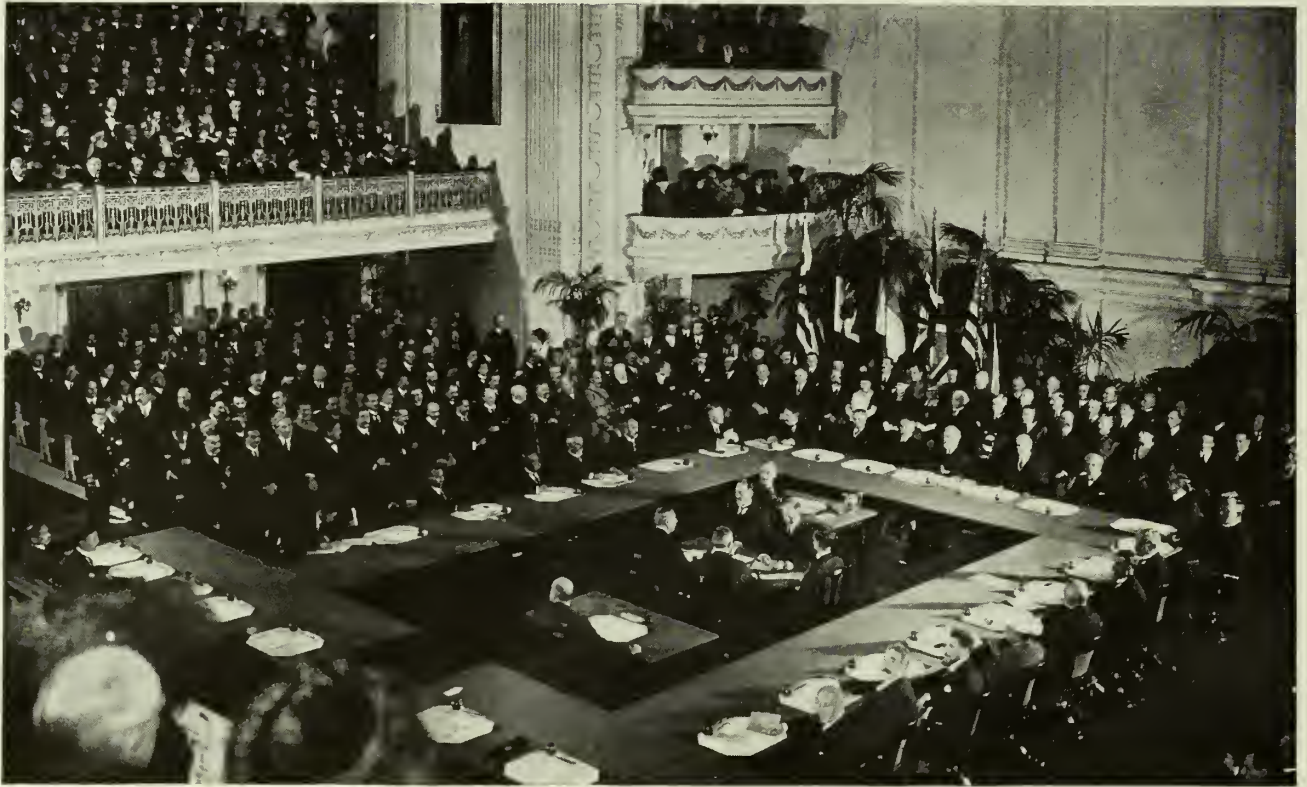
It was almost a year later when we boarded the ship, homeward bound. There were twenty-two hundred troops aboard and, of course, I just naturally went down into the second class dining room to give them a show.

Fresh from the Army of Occupation in Germany, with rivers of cool, foaming beer behind them—and Prohibition awaiting them at home—they were none too cheery about it. (Continued on page 68)

*Illustration  
by  
Frank Street*



# TIME-SPACE



**Closing scene of the 5-5-3 naval limitation conference at Washington in 1922, from whose agreements Japan is withdrawing, leaving Great Britain and the United States in a gentlemen's agreement providing for naval parity between the two nations**

**I**N THIS year 1936 A. D., four Powers dominate the desirable parts of the earth—the slices most suitable for both markets and raw materials. They are Great Britain, France, Russia and the United States.

Are these nations able to hold their present positions, without either sharing or fighting? This has become the world's major problem. The European trio is directly challenged by the two powerful and hungry Fascist states, Italy and Germany. Across the Pacific looms the menace of Japan. The plot thickens and the dénouement may not long be delayed, unless all stick together, or individually are too strong to be attacked.

Nations do not love each other. This bald fact stares from every page of history. Years ago the first Roosevelt declared that the best way to remain at peace was to walk softly and carry a big stick.

Whatever the United States thinks or does will be unsatisfactory to Europe, even to those nations formerly her associates in war. American gold poured into their coffers—and will not be repaid. American youth died. Otherwise all Europe might have torn itself asunder at Armageddon. But this makes not the slightest difference now that the Old World trembles again on the brink of ruin. When (not *if*) war comes, that soiled but still intact European masterpiece, propaganda—the very word should now be anathema in American ears—will be refurbished and placed in a bright new frame. Every ounce of European energy not consumed by her grappling armies will be turned toward dragging America in, and forcing America again to pay the piper.

America stands alone and aloof. Europe now takes the place of ancient Athens, after passing the zenith of her glory. The rest of her history may well be that of gradual decline. If we continue the simile, the United States of America becomes Imperial Rome, still mounting toward her pinnacle of power. It is entirely normal

and inevitable that the remainder of the world should consider America as natural prey.

We have recently been listening to the fantastic simultaneous beating of African tom-toms and the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns. This was an overture. Barring ill-timed incident, or accident, the Wise Men who guide the destinies of Europe may preserve peace during this year, and perhaps longer. Nevertheless the cadence of preparation accelerates for the great struggle now believed certain. The scene of the first act will be the European continent, undoubtedly, but where the climax may be staged perhaps will be answered only by the United States.

In 1914 America declared, almost with single voice, that she would have nothing to do with Europe and the war. Upon that slogan she re-elected a President in 1916, and only a year later expended not only her dollars but her blood. Whether America is drawn into the next "last war" or is fortunate enough to remain out is entirely up to herself, provided she acts now. Often nowadays international pacts are jettisoned by facts, and clarion calls and pibrochs of peace fade into silence unless supported by acts. The challenge to America for her place in the present-day world is as certain as the rising sun—and the setting sun. In the belief that the sun of the United States still is in the ascendant, let us consider her position and her danger, when war comes.



# and the U.S.A

By Wythe Williams



Assuming that no enemy, however powerful, could finally conquer the United States, it is safe to assert that even a coalition of powers could not extensively occupy American territory—not for long. But also it is well to consider, under the “anything is possible” axiom, that the United States might suffer initial reverses. Her coast defenses might prove inadequate. She just might find herself fighting on inland battle lines. From the outset of the Civil War the industrial North was conceded the victory. Yet for three years it suffered defeat. Upon the hazard of a single battle, Gettysburg, the tide finally turned.

The geographic position of the United States, with wide oceans west and east, with peaceful neighbors north and south, is so fortunate that in peacetime it may induce somnolence. In wartime, with modern machinery obliterating time and place, it may prove her vulnerability to attack. But also it makes clear that the nation’s first arm of defense is her Navy, although nowadays the air demands almost equal consideration. What is the strength of our Navy compared with those of other powers?

International naval conferences were not thought of until the United States, during the World War, began the creation of a mighty fleet that would have commanded the seven seas. At the Conference of Versailles, Admiral Wemyss, First Lord of the British Admiralty, told Admiral Benson, Chief of Operations of the United States Navy and member of the American peace delegation, that this great building program must be curtailed.

In 1921 the Washington conference was called. A year later, in the interests of disarmament, America made the greatest sacrifice in the world’s military history, and the 5-5-3 ratio treaty with Great Britain and Japan was signed. From that moment the other naval powers began building all types of ships under ten thousand tons—not included in the treaty. America having broken up and sunk her new super-dreadnaughts and magnificent battle cruisers, and not building in the unincorporated classes, soon dropped to third place in naval strength.

From the signing of the Washington Arms Treaty, during some years thereafter, the United States laid down sixteen ships, several of which were Chinese river gunboats, while the other nations built over 1,200,000 tons of warships and about 8,000,000 tons of merchant ships. Finally America awoke to a recognition that something more must be done. In an attempt to come back to treaty strength, a ship-building bill was launched and defeated in three Administrations—those of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. When Franklin Roosevelt became President, he again introduced a construction program. This brings

us up to the Naval Conference at London, called in December, 1935. It was fixed under the terms of the Washington agreement, and therefore had to be, despite the fact that the five powers attending presented clashing programs, and the topsyturvy condition of the world gave little hope for its success.

The official communiqués fed to the public were meager. In the light of grave events constantly stirring the European continent, the conference even in the London press frequently was relegated to the back pages.

A diminutive successor to the Washington and London treaties was finally agreed upon at the end of March. Then Norman H. Davis, United States Ambassador at (Continued on page 56)

The life line of the British Empire, the Suez Canal is wholly unimpressive to American eyes, but it is the key to India and other sections of the East whose governing class think of the long way to Piccadilly as the way home



# Your MONEY and your LIFE



Cartoon by John Cassel

ONCE there were four and one-half million men and women in uniform, facing hazards that ranged from German hardware and the perils of the deep to flu germs and army mules.

To each, Uncle Sam had said: "You are running these risks for your country. You may not come through, and many of you have families dependent on you. For their sake and in gratitude to you, I'll bet you ten thousand dollars or any part of it against a small slice of what you're down on the pay roll for that you survive."

The four and a half million took him up.

That war risk insurance bet is still on, though it's peacetime—at this writing. Veterans who called it off can still take it up again, if they are in insurable health. While the short end requires a higher ante (due to the necessity of having converted term insurance into a permanent form), it remains a fine wager from our point of view. The loss of war odds is more than countered by the fact that middle age has crept up on us and by, for instance, automobile accidents.

Then why are only 600,000 of us, out of the four and one-half million, still owners of Government policies? Why has Uncle Sam's stake been reduced from forty billions to two and one-half billions? It's not his doing. He has not hedged and he continues ready to wager under the conditions mentioned.

In trying to answer that question, which is a tough one, let's first pose some others which may throw some light on it. Will he pay on the nail? Can we get a better proposition somewhere else?

Questions No. 1 and 3 are answered by the fact that high officials of insurance companies have described Government insurance as "the world's safest insurance." "One of the wisest and kindest provisions . . . at a lower rate than any life insurance company of America." As evidence of paying on the nail, take these instances . . .

A veteran, an office worker, died suddenly. His wife and six children were in desperate straits—without a cent. The case was settled and payment of the value of the policy made to the widow in one day. Again, an Army mail flyer crashed and was killed late on a November 10th. Veterans Administration officials worked through Armistice Day and mailed a check to the flyer's needy family that night. In non-emergency cases, settlement is made with commendable promptness.

Or, speaking of providential payment, take the scene which might have come out of an old-fashioned melodrama. A house-

holder has died, leaving little except his home. The mortgage is about to be foreclosed. To the rescue of the family comes an agent of the Veterans Administration, with assurance to the court that the mortgage can be paid by proceeds from the late householder's Government insurance policy, a policy which the widow (ignorant of the reserve extension provision) believed had lapsed. Such a scene was played more than a few times during the Depression.

Granted then that Uncle Sam's proposition is a good one—without mentioning other advantages to be specified later—why the wholesale abandonment of Government insurance and neglect of opportunity to reinstate it?

Well, when the war ended, many veterans looked forward to a long life and one that would be happier without paying insurance premiums every so often. Many never had carried insurance before and little realized its value. Many were then unmarried and had dropped their insurance before taking on family responsibilities. In the stress and strain of re-entering civilian life,

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LONG before Mr. Downey's contribution could be published, I had read it with interest and appreciation. I know something about this subject, and I affirm the proposition that notwithstanding the excellent and safe forms of protection provided by American insurers, there is none so economical as that available to American veterans, considering the benefits extended. I don't want to appear to be counseling veterans too much as to what they should or should not do, but I say with full faith and confidence that this is a special and unusual privilege and opportunity available only to you. The guarantee of your Government is behind the contract. It ought not to have to be emphasized. The Legion, through its National Rehabilitation Committee in Washington, D. C., will be glad to advise with you and to extend insurance information.

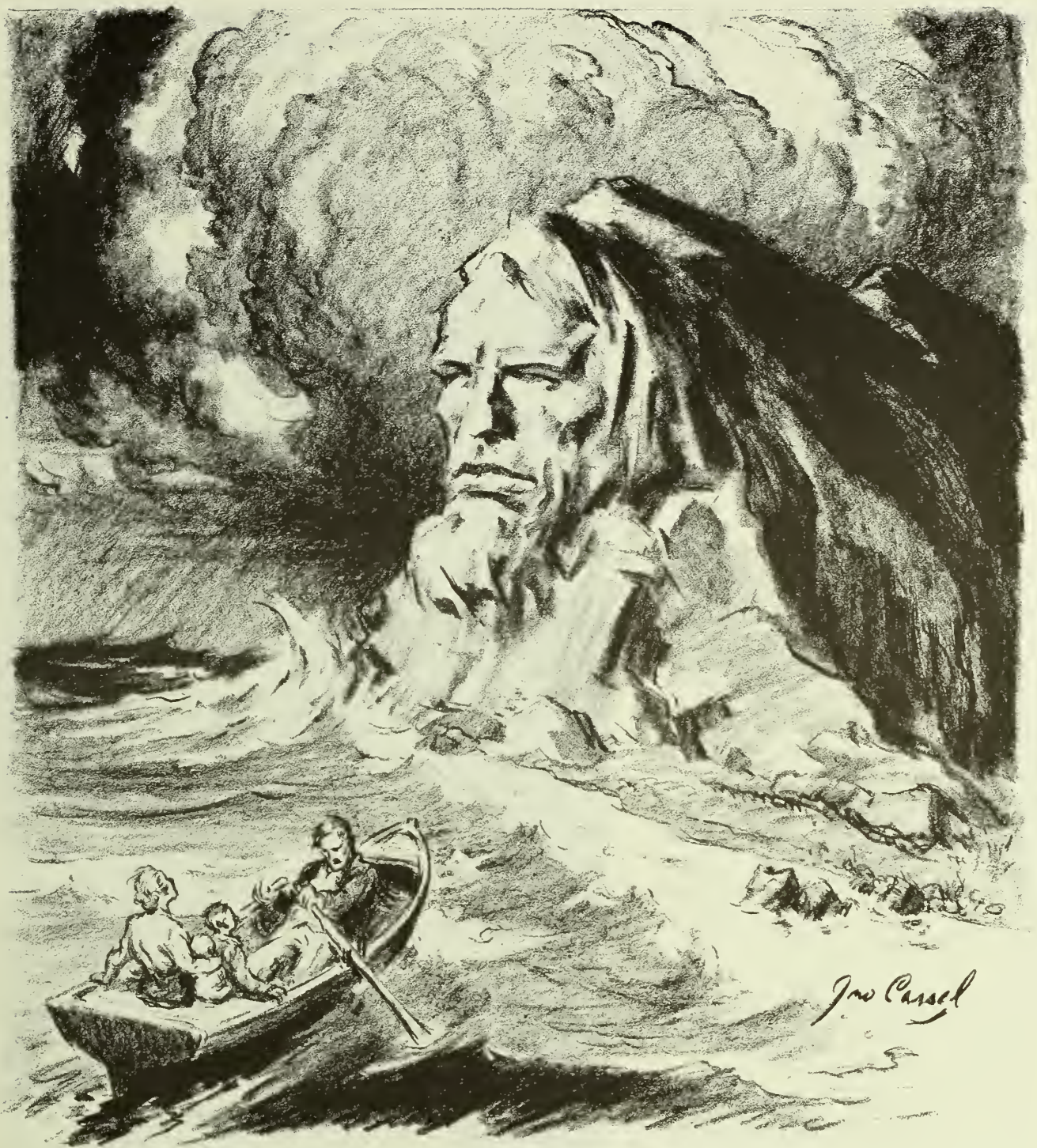
RAY MURPHY,  
*National Commander*

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numerous policies fell by the wayside. Although presented with a printed slip stating the insurance's advantages, approximately 75 percent of the veterans who held policies never paid a premium after discharge.

Gone were those forceful arguments for life insurance—German





WAR RISK INSURANCE ONCE, PEACE RISK INSURANCE NOW,  
A HAVEN TO THE END

artillery and machine guns. Uncle Sam made no personal solicitation through agents. Though Legion insurance officers did their darnedest to demonstrate the value of Government insurance, the snow storm of abandoned policies continued. Then, in 1927, was fixed a deadline by which all temporary term policies must be converted into a permanent form and after which no reinstatements of lapsed war-time insurance was to be allowed. You may remember pleas in this magazine at the time to ex-troops to protect themselves with policies (as sensible an act as putting on a helmet and gas mask was back in 1917-18), and the sooner done, the better and the cheaper.

Some saw the light, but in the following boom years Government insurance took a beating. There were many cash surrenders in '28 and '29 when it is more than suspected, the boys were putting the money in high yield stocks or taking flyers on the market. Often that turned out to be not such a good idea.

Curiously, during the Depression only the normal lapse rate prevailed. Many a policy was kept up by borrowings on its cash value to pay the premiums. Not a few payrolls were met because the veteran-employer had kept up his insurance and was able to borrow on it. There were times when money could be raised in no other way. The value of the old anchor to windward was effectively demonstrated.

In case you don't know it, that deadline mentioned a while ago is no more. By Act of Congress, you can, if you're in good health, still acquire Government insurance. You can take out any amount from \$1,000 up to your limit, all told, of \$10,000 less the amount on which you have received the cash surrender value. Again, it's a case of the sooner the cheaper; our average age is now 44 and the rate rises with each year of age. Also the sooner, the safer. Veterans are now dying at the rate of 25,000 a year. Up to last October, the Govern- (Continued on page 64)



# Unfinished

*Illustrations by J.W. Schlaikjer*

## SYNOPSIS

JOHN BREEN, motion picture cameraman, quits Hollywood for a visit to the hamlet of Timon-sur-Huisne, France, where he was a D. C. I. sergeant in the spring of 1919. Motoring from Le Havre with one Kernan, irresponsible, erratic ex-soldier he has picked up in New York to serve as chauffeur, he tells his companion of an unsolved murder on which he worked in Timon. A man and a woman, both French, were killed within a few days of each other. Madame Lascher, the woman, had recently married an American lieutenant of Engineers; the man, her former sweetheart, Captain Ruban of the French aviation corps, had been the only son of old Count de Ruban, who still resides in Timon. Lascher, the American engineer accused of both murders, was found not guilty.

As Breen re-enters the village at dusk, he discovers Lascher still here, in the employ of a French automobile manufacturer named Pavie. Lascher recognizes Breen and accuses him of returning to France to persecute him. Brigadier Renard, the wartime gendarme who is still on duty, intervenes.

Breen is welcomed back by Madame Broussard, the inn-keeper, her daughter, Fifi, now a young woman; and her lazy husband, Philippe.

That night, walking alone in the neighborhood of Lascher's old laboratory, Breen is struck from behind by someone he cannot see. The brigadier insists it was Lascher. Next day, the Count de Ruban invites Breen to spend the night at the castle as his guest; others, at dinner, will be Pavie, the manufacturer, his American wife, and her sister, Anne Harrison. When Breen arrives there, he is startled, first, by the twisted face of Lascher peering in through a window at him, and then by a mysterious assault on Henry, the count's English servant. Then Breen discovers the count himself injured.

### PART 2

#### *Chapter Four*

THE cook still cried out hysterically in the door to the dining room, her voice muffled by the thick linen apron flung up over her head. For a moment Breen, so filled with shock that motion seemed impossible to him, stood



The count sprawled light, streaming out sharp yellow patch



# Business

By  
Karl  
Detzer



on his back. Lamp-  
of the pantry, cut a  
on the flagstones

peering down at the body on the outer threshold.

The count sprawled on his back. Lamplight, streaming out of the pantry, cut a sharp yellow patch on the flagstones of the courtyard. Ruban lay crumpled in the middle of it, his arms stretched out limply, one long leg drawn up, his mouth open, and on the side of his head a patch of fresh blood.

Breen ran quickly to the edge of the shrubbery. He had heard someone there. But the darkness was too complete to see. His eyes could detect only a mass of black branches, in which any secret might securely hide. Except for the cook's crying, there was no sound.

He returned as swiftly to Ruban. If any measures were to be taken, apparently he must take them. Pavie, the automobile manufacturer, with his wife and her American sister, was at the other end of this wing of the chateau, but evidently, screams or no, he intended to stay there. The manservant Henry lay on the bed in Breen's own room, upstairs, his head bashed in, dead by this time, Breen suspected. And somewhere outside, darkness absorbed that crazy American engineer. It wasn't just guesswork this time about him. He at least was on the premises, when trouble started. Breen had seen him.

Ruban stirred, and a small groan slipped from his throat. Breen dropped to his knees. He'd have to take care of the count first, then Henry . . . and by that time the attacker, if he possessed any instinct for self preservation at all, would have fled. Unless he were back in the house by now. Whoever attacked Henry had been inside the house. Which man fell first?

He picked up the count as gently as he could. The Frenchman was even heavier than he had imagined; it was muscle, as well as big bones, under the good English tweed. The door from the pantry to the kitchen stood open. Breen staggered into the security of the room, drawn by the fact that it was brightly lighted and warm. A pair of small lamps sent out yellow rays from the sides of the high mantel, to mingle with the warm, rich glow of a pot-bellied lamp suspended from the ceiling.

"Step aside, will you?" he bade the cook.

He knocked away the spoons, a flour sifter, what not that littered the table top, and lowered Ruban gently.

"You'll be all right, sir," Breen panted. The little effort had made him wretchedly short of breath. He was conscious of it, and ashamed, even as he





**At the top of the stairs Anne Harrison waited**

asked: "Can you hear me, sir?" But he got no answer. Ruban's eyes were still open, but they showed neither pain nor anger, fright nor surprise. They merely stared at Breen with an expression of disbelief, as if their owner could not bring himself to accept the undeniable fact that he had been set upon at his own door.

"It's all right, sir," Breen repeated. "We'll take care of you." But his voice rang false to his own ears, accustomed as they were to the sham emotions of actors reciting their lines. "Take care of you right away!"

Ruban stirred. Breen's hand, on the limp shoulder, felt the shudder which ran through the body.

"Mon Dieu!" the cook screamed. "Assist! Assist!"

"Can you hold your tongue?" Breen cried at her.

She flung down her apron and he saw her face for the first time. It was long and horsey and none too intelligent. Her lips still opened and closed, but silently, as if she were now testing the value of prayer.

"Go get help!" Breen ordered her. He tried to find Ruban's pulse. "Don't stand there! Get that man Pavie, wherever he is! Go get him. . ."

"Oh, the blessed saints in heaven!" she replied in French. "I call the good Henry. . ."

"Never mind Henry! He can't come. Do as I tell you! Rush at once and get Pavie."

"I am here," a calm voice replied in English from the door to the dining room, so close to them that the woman, startled, began to scream again. "What has transpired?" the voice asked.

The question seemed directed at Ruban instead of Breen. In fact, the little man that entered to all appearance ignored Breen entirely. He crossed the kitchen with short steps and demanded in French of Ruban, "Now what have you been doing? Answer me, my friend! What now?"

"He got hit on the head," Breen said. He tried to unfasten Ruban's collar.

"I so observe. By whom, monsieur?" Pavie spoke calmly. He looked suspiciously at the plasters on Breen's head. "May I ask where you were when he was. . ."

"Oh, leave me out of it!" Breen snapped, suddenly irritated at the fellow. "Plenty for everybody here to worry about without accusing each other! There's a crazy man running around outside. . ."

"Crazy?" Pavie repeated skeptically. He crossed the floor slowly and slammed the door to the courtyard. His motions were deliberate, but the cook screamed again at the sound.

"Merciful. . .!"

"Be quiet," Pavie said. "Whoever is outside, may just as well stay there!"

Breen unbuttoned the collar at last and threw the florid cravat on the floor. "Your wife and sister? Where are they? If they're alone. . .?"



**The younger gendarme cried, "Just this moment . . . in the shrubbery, I found a man! He is dead!"**

"They're not!" a girl's voice answered from the dining room. "No danger of that!"

Pavie crossed to that door. "I told you not to follow me," he said curtly, and asked, "Where is Henry, the servant?"

"Upstairs," Breen replied. "Hurt. Dead, I think."

Again the cook shrieked. Pavie snapped his fingers at her this



time and struck the floor sharply with the toe of one shoe. "We need a doctor," he said.

"The police!" Breen added.

Pavie's voice remained peculiarly impassive. "A doctor and a priest now. The police later." He reached down and touched Ruban's forehead, immediately drew back his hand. "I am grieved, my friend," he said, but his voice still had so little emotion in it that Breen could not tell . . . was he really grieved or not? "My car is in the driveway," the Frenchman said. "I can summon aid. . . ."

"No, no! Is there no other man on the place?"

"The gardener. The ancient Merseau. He cannot drive the car. He is half blind."

"But not half dead," a high-pitched voice interrupted from the doorway. "Not deaf entirely. What is the screaming?"

Breen turned. "Get me hot water," he told the scared cook.



He looked at the man opening the door Pavie had slammed. It might be another Broussard from the inn. He was as old and thin and watery-eyed; with the difference a beard makes, here a long, soiled one that hung flat and limp against his chest like a strip of damp cotton. He was carrying a stout billet of wood. A handle to some garden tool, it might be. Breen glanced at Pavie. Some such weapon as this had fallen heavily upon the count's head.

But there was no suspicion in Pavie's gaze. He merely said,

"Good evening, Merseau. Monsieur the count is gravely hurt. He was set upon, in the passage, there."

His calm was astonishing. He was helping Breen take off Ruban's boots with slow, short motions.

"Oh, my blessed St. Jean!" the gardener exclaimed. "My holy patron!" He came forward, yanking at his beard. His small watering eyes came to rest on Breen. "Who are you? Why are you here?" he demanded fiercely.

Breen answered the second of the questions which the old gardener asked.

"I'm sure I don't know myself," he said. Ruban stirred, muttering to himself. "He has two bad clouts, here, on the side of the head," Breen told Pavie. "Might even be a broken skull. . . ."

"I will walk for a doctor!" Merseau volunteered. He gripped his stick and started for the door.

"No, no! I'll go in the car," a girl's voice interrupted. "Be still, Pavie! I'll not stay like a fool in this room any longer!"

Breen noticed the two women. One, who might have been American or might have been French, was middle aged and beginning to be too heavy, and she wore long earrings that sparkled in the lamplight. Pavie's wife. Breen remembered her. But the other . . . a girl . . . twenty, perhaps. Or twenty-two. Blonde. Blue eyes. Fair hair that did not look phony. One of those pink and white complexions.

Breen, seeing her, did not immediately look down again at the count. He forgot for a single instant that Ruban lay bleeding here in front of him, that the servant was spread on his own bed, on the upper floor; that he had recognized Lascher's face at the window, or that someone had vanished from the door into the dark, not three minutes ago. Forgot everything for the space of a dozen heartbeats, and looked at this girl.

Looked and admired. Nobody could tell him anything about women. He'd seen enough of them. All kinds. And this one was real. She carried her small, well-shaped, well-dressed head high on a slender neck. Her blue eyes were honest, her lips full and warm. She ignored Pavie and ran forward and leaned over the count.

"I'll run the car to town!" she repeated. "My goodness, what a sight! Can't you stop that bleeding?"

"You go with her," Breen told the old man. "Quickly. Get the priest, the doctor and the police."

"Not the police."

Breen silenced Pavie's protest. "Have you any reason, monsieur, for not wanting policemen here?"

The man's small shoulders lifted briefly. "They are stupid," he said stubbornly. "They will talk loudly and do nothing."

"Bring Renard," Breen told the girl. "And the young gendarme. Preux. He's from Paris and not stupid. And hurry. If I had a gun, I'd give it to you. . . ."

The gardener interrupted. "We shall procure a weapon, mam'selle. Come this way. In my younger days, I am a most fearfully expert revolver shot."

"We'll take the count to his room," Breen said. He assumed command. "Madame," he addressed Pavie's wife, "you will come, too? We'll keep together for a few minutes (Continued on page 46)





# Will My CZECHS



**O**VER here in Central Europe, where the main topics of conversation are the next war and the coming Olympic Games in Berlin, I do a lot of talking to myself. My topic is, "Where will I and the few athletes I have been given to work on figure at Berlin?"

At times I rise to great hopes, only to have them blasted to the skies by a poor day's practice. It is up-and-down-hill work, compared to our methods and facilities in the United States, but the experience is a novel one and after ten months I am still getting a kick out of most of it. I am called a trainer, the word coming into this language from the English professional soccer, the most popular sport in the country. I have been, also, lecturer, promoter and correspondent-school coach. I appear at schools with motion pictures of track and field events, and through an interpreter explain what it is all about and answer questions.

This work was necessary to encourage the school boys to come out and get started. This will be a great surprise to an American reader. Our school system of athletics has only one problem, and that is to restrain the boys from going ahead too fast and doing too much. Over here a school is for children to enter and learn, and it has little interest in them once they complete that part of the day's work. They do get gym work once a week for an hour, but there is no sport in any way connected with the schools.

**H**ERE are some of Legionnaire Meredith's Czechoslovakian entries for the Olympics this summer. The former record holder in the Olympics 800-meters predicts a great fight for first place at Berlin and tells why American teams have such hard sledding when the games are held overseas. The team we'll have to beat? You'll be surprised

The result is, naturally, that the source of supply is dammed up and very few boys ever take up competitive sports at all. The clubs are their only outlet and do a lot of good, but the clubs are more interested in the finished product than in the developing end. Thus a great shortage of material.

I was ten days deciding whether I would come here, breaking up my home and getting aboard the boat. In that short time I could not learn much of the country or its language. I arrived in Prague with my wife and two boys at six o'clock in the morning, knowing no other name than the Czechoslovakia Amateur Athletic Unie. It was Sunday and the office of the Unie was closed, so we took the hotel nearest to the railroad station. We had arrived at the Wilson





# CASH In ?



Station and went to the Wilson Hotel, both named after President Wilson. The name sounded homey and we dug in to await orders. After a day's rest we got in touch with the proper parties, who were trailed in fine European fashion by photographers, reporters for interviews, and well wishers. And then the work began.

I could write volumes on the first two months of training, but it will suffice that army red tape is a cinch compared to getting to an objective here until you learn the ropes. My one fear was the language, but that no longer holds any terrors. There is a surprising number of people here who actually speak English, and ten times as many who think they do.

A good friend from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where there are many Slovaks, had given me my only knowledge of the native tongue. He said that "Naz dravi" got the same results here as "Here's mud in your eye" did at home, and he was not wrong.

My athletes come to the field and say "Good-by" and on leaving "Hello," and not to discourage their interest in the English language, I answer in kind. I am the practice field for their English conversation and am often overtrained, which, incidentally, was the condition in which I found most of the athletes on my arrival. They were working more or less on the theory that if you run very hard six days a week, you will feel good on the seventh when you only have to do half as much in a race.

My first job was to get them rested and then the reaction was that I had been brought over here to work the men and all I was doing was telling them to take a week's rest. The only thing that saved my face was that those who rested came back and did better than ever before.

*By Ted Meredith*

The athletes are earnest to the point of exasperation at times. If you tell them to take a practice run of 200 meters, they never think of running 190 or 210 meters. It must be exact, which has its good points but again its drawbacks, as in the case when I told a sprinter to run easily for 150 meters only to find him going 1500 meters. I found it out after he had gone over a half mile, but he was easy to stop for he was almost half dead.

The Czechs could have fine athletes and I think they will in time. The very history of the country, under the rule of other nations for three hundred years, indicates that a sturdy product is to be found among the boys and young men. Add to this the new spirit from a republican government, and it makes very fertile soil. However, it needs plenty of cultivation and will take time.

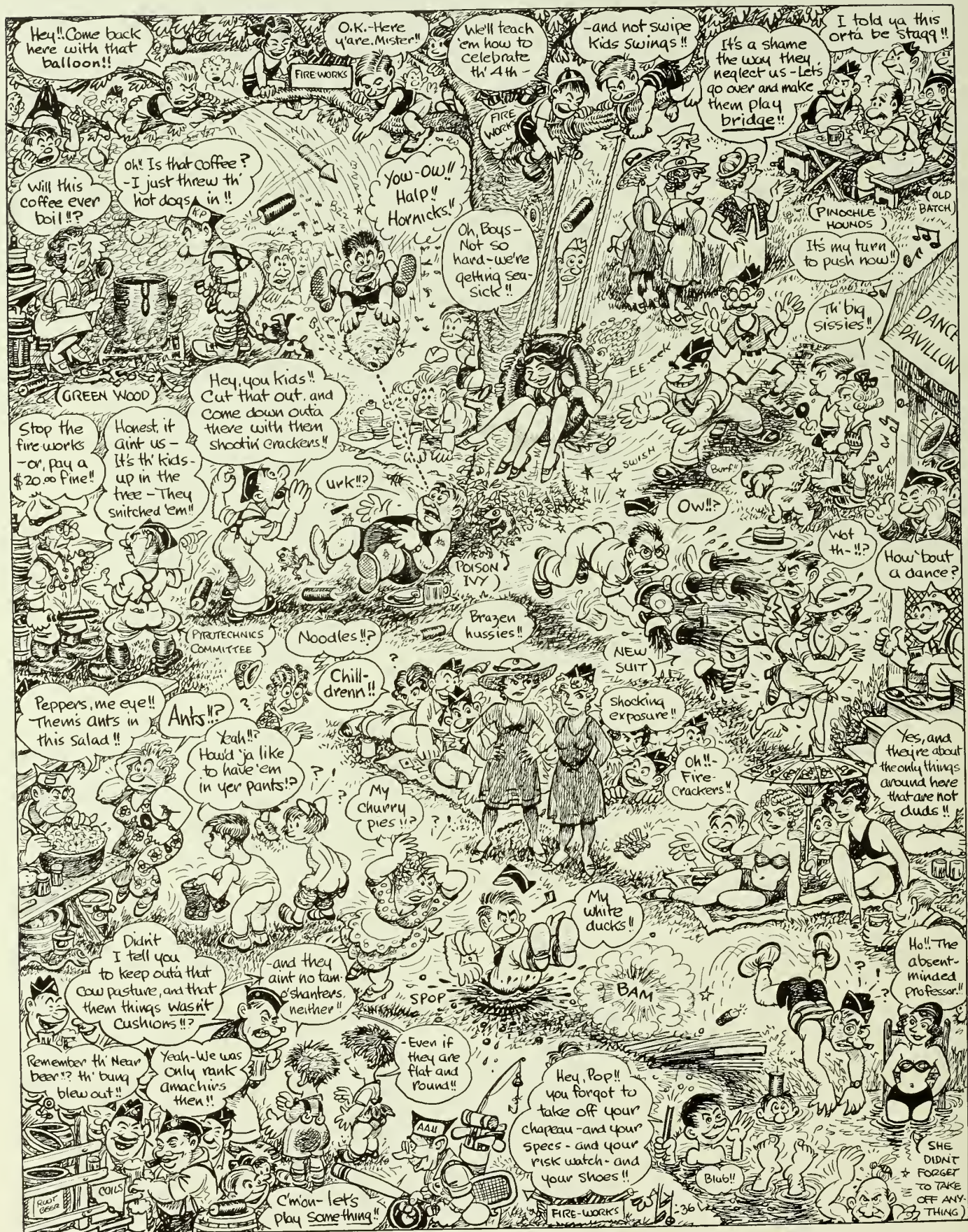
They have never gone far in an Olympic competition. Their only place was in the shot put in Los Angeles, when Douda got third. He is still competing and is one of my long-shot hopes at Berlin. The shot put has made rapid (Continued on page 42)



# THE ANNUAL POST PICNIC

*On July Fourth This Year*

By WALLGREN





# AFTER THE WATERS GO DOWN

GOOD will can be the most valuable of assets. Certainly it is the most valuable asset of The American Legion. Without it the Legion would be a blundering, bungling, groping, disorderly assemblage of men and women who contrived somehow to send an assortment of delegates annually to some city for a purposeless and profitless national convention. With it the Legion actually is an organization constructively and effectively devoted to the service of the community and of the nation—and is so recognized.

Never has the Legion offered a finer, more convincing demonstration of its fundamental adherence to the creed of service than it did during the flood and tornado crises of early spring. The emergency is long since passed, but in the work of reconstruction which is now going quietly on (and of which, since it is so thoroughly unspectacular, the country hears nothing) the Legion is bearing a willing and competent hand. Officials of the American Red Cross in a dozen States have been loud in their praise of the effectiveness of Legion support. In hundreds of communities the membership of the two organizations virtually coincided, and in these communities a definite co-ordinating mechanism has been perfected which is prepared to begin functioning immediately if the need for it ever arises.

THE crisis is over and gone, but the good works remain. To tens of millions of Americans in the affected areas the Legion is something more than a name. In many, probably in most, of the stricken communities it had already established for itself a solid reputation for worthwhile accomplishment, but the March catastrophe offered local posts an opportunity to rise to a great occasion which is not often vouchsafed to an organization any more than, in the ordinary affairs of civil life, the opportunity is offered to any casual individual to meet, or fail to meet, some supreme test of endurance, sacrifice, or courage. The Legion met its test, and as a consequence it has been reaping and will continue to reap a harvest of affection and gratitude which are better than a ton of bonds in a strongbox.

Just what the effect of this good work will be on Legion membership is a factor which there is no accurate means of measuring. Fortunately so—because if there were a way to

measure it the temptation might be strong to put just sufficient pressure behind every community endeavor to carry the post over the top, at which point it might (though it probably wouldn't) sit back and admire itself in utter complacency—and complacency is bad for the soul. A sound community aid program, as a matter of fact, has one important membership result that does not show in mere figures. Take a post which has been functioning smoothly but inconspicuously for a dozen years with an average membership of fifty, never much above that, never much below—a post whose members are liked and respected but which is pretty much taken for granted. Along comes a major catastrophe which gives the post a chance to show its mettle, and the outfit rises magnificently to the occasion. How do the townsfolk feel about that post thereafter? Its membership roster may remain substantially the same (perhaps it has already absorbed virtually one-hundred percent of the local veteran population). But its prestige has increased to a degree that makes it a more effective community instrument than if it had doubled or trebled the simple arithmetic of its roster.

LEGION membership has shown a steady growth during the depression—a fact that speaks well both for the caliber of veteran manpower and for the amount and quality of organization work, local, state and national, that has gone into the membership effort. It is as significant as it is generally unappreciated by the average citizen that no one of its “selfish” endeavors has ever been reflected in an upward swing of the Legion's membership curve. The Legion has always shown its highest effectiveness, from the points of view of both prestige and mere statistics, when it has sought most wholeheartedly, in the words of the Preamble to its Constitution, “to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, State and nation”—when it has sought not merely to inculcate that spirit in its own ranks, but has gone out into the cities, towns and countryside of the nation and put that spirit gloriously into practice. It is a side of the Legion that has been lavishly ignored, for reasons best known to itself, by a certain section of the press. But it is a side of the Legion that will maintain the organization in grateful remembrance in thousands of communities which have seen the local boys make good.



# WITHOUT

*By*  
**Horace S. Mazet**

*Lieutenant, Aircraft One,  
United States Marine Corps*



ON THE afternoon of December 22, 1910, a young British flier parted the mists over the English Channel and landed his frail craft at Les Barques, near Calais. Cecil Grace, hardly out of his teens but already famous, was making a bid for further honors as competitor for the \$20,000 Baron de Forest Prize.

From Calais the airman winged his solitary way as far as the Belgian frontier where, meeting adverse winds, he turned back without descending and landed once more at Les Barques.

The weather thickened. Spectators, eyeing the machine and the weather, shook their heads dubiously at the thought of flying back through the mist. But Grace was adventurous and impetuous. He boarded the cross-channel packet of Captain Bouchier to seek advice. The two conversed a few moments, Bouchier advising the aviator to start twenty minutes after the steamer and to follow its wake.

But, much to the captain's surprise, Grace suddenly took wing again, flew in a northeasterly direction and was at once swallowed up by the swirling mists which hung, moist and ominous, over the turbulent waters of the Channel.

It was 2:10 in the afternoon. At three o'clock, coast guardsmen saw the airplane over Goodwin Sands during a momentary lifting of the fog. The dread pall closed in—and there and forever ended the trail of Cecil Grace, discoverer of "air pockets" and first of a valiant group which has found the way to the

Port of Missing Planes, that Valhalla of the lost aviators.

The Port of Missing Planes! Who can today name a scant half dozen of the brave men fame forgot? These pioneer adventurers are no less entitled to immortality because they won no accolade or intrinsic prize in charting new trade routes and crossing trackless wildernesses where their more fortunate comrades won through. They are all of one stout spirit.

A second winged acolyte passed to Nirvana scarcely six months after Grace disappeared when Lieutenant Bague took off from Nice, France, on a flight to Corsica. Anxious watchers failed to



**John W. Frost and Gordon Scott never reached Hawaii on their flight from California in 1927, and two other airmen whose plane went searching for them also disappeared**

price they must pay if they fail.

Such a one was Gustav Hamel, England's most spectacular aviator. Hamel, born of German parents, figured in the public eye as the greatest stunt pilot of his day because of his daring in looping the loop. In addition he was a popular hero for his grit in winning the great Aerial Derby around London. During the last forty miles of his trip he was obliged to hold a finger over a petrol tap which had worked loose and was liberating a stream of fuel all over his face and clothing.

The adventurous youth ascended soon after dawn of May 25,



**Hail — and farewell. The American Nurse's crew just before their never-got-there flight to Italy which began on September 13, 1932**

see him reach his earthly destination, and torpedo boats were sent to comb the sea relentlessly. He was never seen again.

Both of these pioneers in the new art of flying were true adventurers, infused with the spirit which aspires toward ever wider horizons. Such men are contemptuous of danger,

turning their backs on civilization and plunging into the maw of the unknown with hardly a thought of the



# a TRACE



Mrs. Beryl Hart and Capt. W. S. MacLaren, who hopped eastward from Bermuda in January, 1931. The rest is silence

Hamel paced up and down, feeling the wind. Then he swung on his heel and made for the plane. Despite the bad weather and insistent protests from spectators, he started his engine, warmed it up and waved good-bye. He had to be in Hendon that evening, he explained.

Hendon waited in vain. Coast guardsmen on the Channel knew nothing, heard nothing on that gray day. Two navy seaplanes pushed out cautiously, and many surface craft searched the Channel—to no avail.

Two days later the waiting populace was aroused by a wild rumor that their popular idol had fallen into the water, been picked up by a fishing boat and landed at South Shields, England. Crowds stormed the newsstands for evening papers. When the words "Hamel is safe!" were thrown upon the screen at the Coliseum a great spontaneous cheering arose. King George, before whom Hamel had given daring exhibitions, inquired by telegraph as to the truth of the report.

But the mayor of South Shields had to reply that the story was utterly without foundation. The false rumor served only to intensify the hopeless gloom surrounding the missing boy who, it became increasingly apparent, had taken the one-way flight to the company of lost aviators.

Meanwhile what of America? Only seven months earlier, in October, 1913, the biggest contest yet in aviation had been scheduled, and to the appointed place came all the noted bird-



The Nungesser-Coli plane leaving France for America, in May, 1927, one of the first pictures sent across the ocean by radio. At left, the last picture of Captain Nungesser, in a grimly prophetic setting

men of the country. They were to fly in the first American Aerial Derby around Manhattan Island, starting from and finishing on Staten Island. The assorted ships rose, circled the island and came down again. First among them was one piloted by William S. Luckey, whose renown at the time rivaled that of the immortal Lincoln Beachey. Charles P. Niles came in second. Captain Walb fell into the water and did not finish. Steve MacGordon and William Thaw, the so-called "society aviators," (Thaw was later to become a great combat aviator), flew as safety men in a Curtiss flying boat. But they did not see Albert J. Jewel disappear while he was on his way to Staten Island

1914, near Versailles. Into the brightening sky Hamel rose and flew to Hardelot, where he was forced down by limited visibility. Now and again the clouds would break promisingly, only to close in nearer than ever and keep him grounded. Irked by the delay,

for the start of the race.

Jewel had fastened himself in the bucket seat of his plane to take off from Hempstead Plains, Long Island, close to the Mitchel Field of today. The thin (Continued on page 59)



# YOUR Boy and

By  
*Lynn R. Van Vlack*

*Commander,  
New York Detachment of The  
Sons of The American Legion*

**T**HE boy who lives down the street is growing up. I saw him today for the first time in weeks, and I had to look twice before I was sure that it was really Eddie. Only yesterday, it seemed, he was playing marbles and mumblety-peg, romping with his dog and building a shack of store boxes in his backyard. Only yesterday he was wearing knee pants, and his voice—when he wasn't whistling shrilly, which was rarely—was pitched in the upper ranges which suggested the high notes of a boys' choir at Easter time.

Today? This youngster with the flaring blue trousers, the juvenile double-breasted coat and the striped necktie, this youth with his hair parted and slicked down with just the right touch of abandon, this young man with broadening shoulders and muscular arms—was this really Eddie? He was exulting when I saw him. He had just won a knot-tying contest and as he described it with enthusiasm I noticed there was no longer any suggestion of the familiar treble in Eddie's voice.

This is just the same old story, of course—the transformation of small boy to big boy, so slow as to be imperceptible when witnessed close up, Nature perfecting her handiwork by the same methods she has used since cave boys became cave men. There were probably cave dogs too in that

earliest day. And in that day undoubtedly cave fathers viewed with grave bewilderment the successive changes which marked the transformation of their adolescent cave sons.

Here in my home city of Jamestown, New York, at the southern end of Lake Chautauqua, the members of Ira Lou Spring Post of The American Legion are observing under favorable auspices this ancient drama of changing adolescence—ancient but always fresh in its procession of surprises and miracles. We see in the boys of our squadron of The Sons of The American Legion the swift flow of boyish life. In each age group we see repeated those astonishing characteristics which have been true of boys since time began.

We see the little fellows of six and seven, who march with brave footsteps in the Memorial Day parade and nod on their chairs if a squadron meeting lasts beyond accustomed bedtime hours. They look with admiration upon their older and stronger brothers and emulate them up to a certain point. They are always ready, however, to assert with fists or tongue their personal independence.

We see the older boys of fifteen and sixteen, most of them with Boy Scout training. They affect to be bored by younger brothers and alternate between moods of blasé indifference and lusty bravado.

In between these two groups are the great ranks of those who are now in the magic years of adolescence, those who are being carried along on



**Let 'er out or haul 'er in? A junior flier (at left) studies an age-old problem in the kite contest of the S. A. L. Squadron at Jamestown, New York. Below, the big kite with the S. A. L. emblem which, built by older boys, was the contest sensation**





# MINE



**A new emblem takes to the skies, symbolizing the ascent of the S. A. L., which in its third year has 2,000 squadrons and 42,000 members**

a flood tide of bewildering physical changes and new emotions.

Nature's way of doing things has not changed much in recorded time, and we in Ira Lou Spring Post see in this drama more than the mere development of bodies and unfolding of personalities. We see what every other American Legion post with its own squadron of sons has the privilege of seeing. We behold in operation the system by which Nature insures the perpetuation of all that she has given to mankind, the cycle by which Nature enables the civilization of our time to hold all the gains which have been made in the history of the world.

We view the spectacle with proper respect and appreciation. We are grateful for our ringside seats, as we witness this drama which retains the capacity to thrill spectators after countless ages of repetition. Like the coming of spring after winter, like the budding of trees, like the blooming of flowers, this mystery play of adolescence is one of the divine provisions for the world's continuing life.

Too often, I fear, we see it in other lights. Amid the sentimentality about the joys of being a father—and there is always the danger of getting mawkishly sentimental over this everyday and quite ordinary experience—we hear the lamentations of fathers who are torn by doubts over the unaccountable behavior of their sons. There is a gap between the poetical conception of fatherhood and the realities of our everyday experiences. And that is just as Nature intended it to be.

It would be fine if there were a continuing and unbroken bond of interest and sympathy between every father and his son, if youth grew up respecting the ripened judgment and wisdom of its parents and followed unquestioningly the counsel and guidance so magnanimously offered. Actually, we know, your average father finds in his offspring so many manifestations of unaccountable and contrary tendencies that he sometimes wonders whether he understands the young man at all. If he doesn't yield to the easy tendency to blame all otherwise inconsistent traits upon shadowy inheritances from his wife's side of the family, he may be wise enough to realize that he is simply the victim of another one of Nature's time-tested ways of doing things.

That independence of spirit which is inborn in most boys (father is likely to call it stubbornness) is simply Nature's way of insuring that the youth will not fall a victim to parental domination and lose the capacity for initiative and personal striving which he must have if he is to make his own way in the world. The nestling must fly some day. Nature makes sure that he strengthens his wings while still in the nest. So, with almost all the idiosyncrasies of youth. Each has its purpose in Nature's scheme of things.

A father blessed with the instinct of understanding, fortunate in recollecting his own tribulations during adolescence, will learn to recognize the natural manifestations of youth developing its strength, and will by a wise exercise of tact and sympathy retain his capacity for guidance. On the other hand, (Continued on page 38)





# Are Your EYES

**D**ID your newspaper recently carry a story of the incident in court where the judge directed a doctor to tell the jury in simple language why a man had died? The physician paused for a moment to choose words which would be comprehensible to even the most uneducated juror. Then he delivered his testimony:

"This man died of a cerebral thrombosis, or possibly embolism, arising from an arterio-sclerosis with which was associated a low-grade nephritis." He paused and Juror Number Seven exclaimed, from his inmost feelings, "Well, I'll be damned!"

The judge turned on the culprit severely. "That remark deserves a fine of twenty-five dollars for contempt of court," he declared. "However, I won't assess it because I was thinking the same thing myself."

In this article I shall try to avoid my colleague's weakness for technical language, even though medical readers may consider me thereby lacking in precision. After all, other doctors do not need so urgently the information which I am attempting to impart.

when we reach forty. And no matter how cheerily a layman may chirp that "Life begins at forty," we may as well admit to ourselves that we have at this age passed our physical peak.

Do not misinterpret this as a doleful warning that you are right now, by reason of your forty years, sliding into your grave feet foremost. Given a sound constitution you are good for forty more years, provided you take care of yourself. But this is the important point: From here on, it is no longer entirely safe to rely solely on your constitution and the resources of Nature. You have reached the time when you need to begin taking care of yourself, with a bit of expert guidance now and then from some-

*By Samuel*



What we are after is to have you and your fellow laymen read through this article and understand what it is dealing with.

Back in 1918 the average age of the man in uniform was close to twenty-five years. Today these same men have reached an average of forty-three years. We need no longer kid ourselves that we are young men. At forty we have definitely crossed the borderline into middle age, though the actual physical changes may be a year or two earlier or later for an individual. Rejuvenation of the tissues, a process which keeps us feeling young and looking young, has practically ceased by the fortieth birthday. Resistance to disease and all kinds of ills is piled up within us at its maximum

one really qualified to keep you going in the way you should go.

**M**Y PURPOSE in writing this article is particularly to put you on the alert about your eyes. There is no need of going into details about how important your eyes and your eyesight are to you. The bare fact is that you need them, for a full, healthy, happy life. And beginning at forty, your eyes need some especial care which previously they managed very well without. They need this care and supervision for a number of causes, all rooted in the physical changes which take place from this age forward.

The first of these changes goes by the impressive name of



# RIGHT ?

presbyopia, but it is not so bad as it sounds. This is a loss of elasticity of the muscles, a change which occurs throughout the body. It is why a young man walks with springy step, why an old man moves jerkily. And as it affects the eyes, presbyopia is concerned with a group of small muscles which regulate the lens of the eye to accommodate it to seeing well at various distances. In a youngster with normal vision the eye can see well at a very close point indeed, as you have probably noticed when one of your small children draws a book so close to his eyes that for you or me the type would be badly blurred. The youngster's eye muscles are elastic, while you and I are victims of presbyopia.

*M. Edison, M.D.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

What effect does all of this have on the eyes? Well, if you go out on the tennis court to play a hard hitter, or if you join the boys on the sandlot and try to hit their best pitching, you may discover that you can't connect as you used to—your eyes do not accommodate themselves rapidly enough to keep up with the rapidly moving ball, but then, neither do Babe Ruth's. When it comes to close work with your eyes, such as reading, writing, drawing, many kinds of office and factory work, it is a lot more of a strain to do the seeing that is required.

Whether or not you have previously worn glasses, the chances are that you now need glasses, and of different type than before,

You have reached what we oculists term the bifocal age. To see as well as previously, you may require glasses with two sets of lenses, one for close work and one for distance. Thus you supplement the impaired accommodation of your eyes with the glasses.

By no means does every man or woman past forty require bifocals. Some of us on reaching this age get what used to be called our "second sight." I am one of these fortunate folks. Whereas formerly I needed spectacles for reading, now I read very comfortably without them. Most of us who enjoy this boon were formerly near-sighted, and now as our eye muscles lose their pep we begin to enjoy the normal vision which our fellows had back in the days when we were forced to lean entirely on our glasses.

But it is not safe to depend on nature unaided. From the fortieth birthday on for a good many years, you should go to a competent ophthalmologist—that's an eye doctor—once a year for a thorough examination of your eyes. He may find them entirely in order, which means that you are lucky. He may find that you need glasses, whether for the first time or to meet your

changing eyes. The point is, if you do not catch this change in eyesight promptly after it reaches you, if at this age you go on using your eyes without the right kind of glasses, you may suffer some pretty serious consequences.

**I**T IS entirely possible, and comes frequently in my experience, that a person practically wrecks his eyesight between forty and fifty through failure to obtain the right glasses. A very common result, less serious in permanent physical damage but often very costly in economic results, is what we doctors delight in calling asthenopia; this means tired eyes, (Continued on page 44)



# POINT!

By David  
N. Harsh

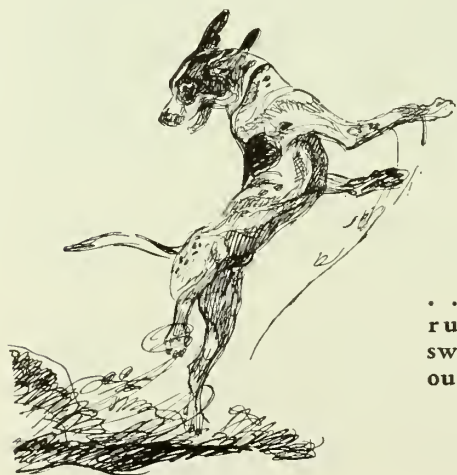


## "SULU Wins the National!"

The average newspaper reader, scanning this headline several weeks ago, probably thought Sulu was a thoroughbred horse in the Grand National, but to us in Memphis it meant that a new queen of bird dogs had been crowned. Sulu, a compact little liver-and-white pointer, had earned at the age of four the title of the country's greatest field-trial dog by running against—and outclassing—twenty-three of our best pointers and setters, including two former winners of the National Championship. And the National, you know, is the Kentucky Derby of the bird-dog world.

It was worth getting up at four in the morning and driving fifty miles to Grand Junction to see these magnificent dogs hunt birds. In fact, people come from all over the United States to see the National Field Trial Championship. Now, the half million members of the Legion who go in for hunting and fishing can't leave their jobs and come to Tennessee for a week, and they couldn't be accommodated on the course if they did. But perhaps they would like to know what goes on.

In the first place, the entries—pointers and setters—come from thoroughbred stock, and have been trained as field-trial dogs since they were pups. Over a period of months these dogs have been put in first-class physical condition. They have competed in—and have won—lesser stakes. Dr. Blue Willing, for example, was the favorite this year; he came to Grand Junction fresh from his victory in the United States All-Age Stake at Holly Springs, Mississippi. Tips Manitoba Jake was second in that event.



... turned abruptly, like a swordfish leaping out of the water

THEY ran for three hours, these patricians of the bird-dog world, every one a regional champion by right of performance. Some extra thrills the gallery at the National Field Trial Championship hadn't looked for made Sulu the National Champion

Air Pilot Sam had won the All-American event at Brownsville, Texas, and the Canadian All-Age stake. Air Circus had placed second in the Continental All-Age. Shanghai Express had annexed the Free-for-All in 1935, and the Amateur Championship in 1934. And so on. The cream of the bird-dog crop was at Grand Junction this year, for a victory in the National establishes a dog as a champion in every respect. The entries are limited to setters and pointers, and every entry must have won some regional stake in order to qualify.

One of the conditions is that a dog must maintain his best pace through a three-hour heat; he must hunt at top speed. He does



this in the approved style and without getting off the course. The dogs usually go like a bat out of hell, but the females seem to be more inclined to hunt carefully, and they usually make a greater number of finds and are charged with fewer unproductive points. That is, when they come to a point, the birds usually are flushed unless the judges take more than three minutes to get to the spot. A quail can run quite a distance in three minutes.

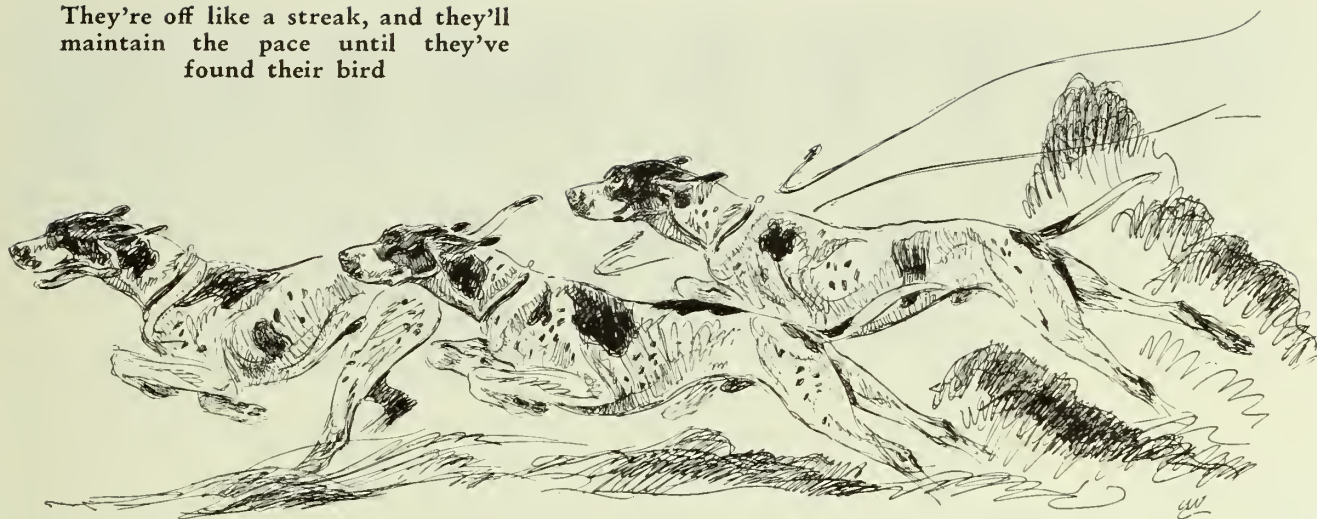
In this year's National, forty-two of the best bred, most carefully trained bird dogs in the United States were nominated for the event, just as horses are nominated for the Kentucky Derby. The prize was the title of champion for 1936, \$1,500 cash for the handler, and a leg on the Robert W. Bingham Cup, donated by our present Ambassador to Great Britain. To the followers of bird dogs, the list of nominations reads the way a Kentucky Derby entry list would look to an experienced turfman. Heading the list were Dr. Blue Willing and Homewood Flirtatious, the favorite and the winner last year. The entries dwindled, from one cause or another, to twenty-five, and later one of these was withdrawn. Twenty-three of them were pointers and two of the entries were setters.

On the night before the event, the names of twenty-five starting dogs

Illustrations by  
Clement Weisbecker



They're off like a streak, and they'll maintain the pace until they've found their bird



were written on slips of paper, and the slips tossed into a hat. In order that there might be competition, the names were drawn in pairs; that is, when the slips bearing the names of Yankee Doodle Jack and Dr. Blue Willing were the first to be drawn, these two dogs were booked to run the first heat. And so on. Two heats of three hours each were scheduled for each day, and the odd—or 25th—dog was provided with a brace-mate from the kennels of the President of the National Field-Trial Championship Association, Hobart Ames.

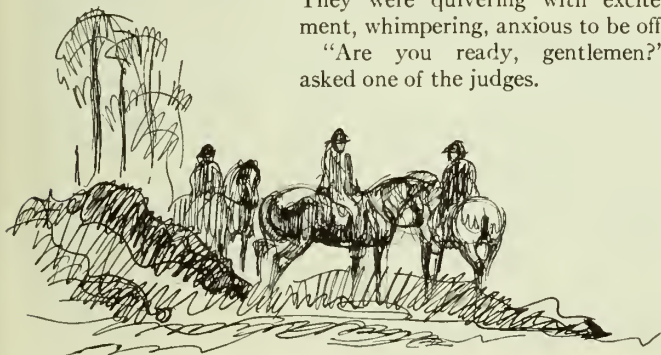
Seventeen owners forfeited their entrance fee of \$25, and the \$1,250 paid in by the twenty-five owners as starting fees was not enough to make up the prize of \$1,500, so it was necessary to dig down into the Association's treasury for the balance.

The following morning was overcast, with a moderate southerly breeze. This wasn't so good for the dogs, as it drove the quail farther back into the woods for shelter. But nothing could dampen the spirits of the dogs or the riders. By eight o'clock a steady stream of cars, trucks, and horses with their Negro grooms were on their way to the starting line on the 25,000-acre plantation of Mr. Ames. The plantation is heavily stocked with birds, which are hunted only on rare occasions by the owner and his house guests. The quail are furnished food throughout the winter, and a war of extermination is waged against those natural enemies of Bob White—foxes, mice, and hawks.

At the starting line, sportsmen from Connecticut to the Gulf, and from Oklahoma to North Carolina, sought out their horses, hired for the occasion, tightened the cinches, and appraised the English, cavalry, and stock saddles. Scrubby nags stood alongside thoroughbreds; mules laid back their ears. Other horses, wise in the ways of field trials, were brought in trucks from northern Mississippi and rented to the gallery of riders at three dollars a day; my own happened to be a very satisfactory little black mare, carrying a McClellan saddle.

Shortly before nine, Mr. Ames, the other two judges, and the secretary of the Association put in an appearance. Dr. Blue Willing and Yankee Doodle Jack were brought out of their kennels, and led to the starting line. They were quivering with excitement, whimpering, anxious to be off.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked one of the judges.



"Ready!"

"Let them go!"

The leashes were unsnapped, and the dogs were off to a flying start. The gallery and judges broke into a gallop.

Dr. Blue Willing, carefully groomed for the event, dashed out onto the course and veered to the left; Yankee Doodle Jack kept straight ahead. Doc seemed to me to be rather the smaller of the two—short-coupled, fast, and very much on the job. Norias Annie and Homewood Flirtatious had annexed the National in 1934 and 1935, in spite of Doc's best efforts, and now he was making his third try. Moreover, the gallery was with him.

Within ten minutes Doc found his first covey, and pointed in faultless style. His handler was within a hundred yards at the time.

"Point, Judge!" he shouted.

The riders—forty-two men, six women, and two boys of twelve—went pounding over the soft earth, and halted within fifty feet of the dog; the quail must have thought we were an earthquake. His handler dismounted, took his shotgun out of its scabbard, and advanced toward the pointer.



er. The keen-eyed judges—three of the outstanding bird-dog critics in the United States—watched every move of both handler and pointer. The dog was definite in his direction, steady as a rock, with head low and tail outstretched. The birds rose; the pointer remained fixed. After a couple of seconds the handler fired; there was no perceptible movement on the part of the blooded dog. Doc was credited with a perfect point, for he found his birds and remained steady when they flushed and when his handler fired into the air.

Back in the crowd one overheard exclamations of satisfaction. The judges and the newspapermen made notes in their books.

Doc's next point was unproductive, probably because of the high wind. Jack came up at the third find, and backed Doc like the good sportsman he is; then Jack found himself a covey out in the open, amid a lot of crab grass, and pointed in the grand manner that one sees in a good etching. Doc found another covey in a patch of brush; and still later came across some birds in some yellow sedge grass, pointed in the traditional manner, and was handsomely backed by the statuesque Yankee Doodle Jack. In all, Jack made two beautiful points, was steady to wing and shot, and was charged with two unproductive points where the birds failed to show.

And so the three-hour competition went. Jack tired badly during the last hour, but Doc kept up his steady gait. Negro groups watched from the houses that dot (Continued on page 40)



# EVERY MAN'S LAND

## *AN Ohio Post's White Collar Members Turn Dirt Farmers to Grow Their Own Vegetables on Fifty Half-Acre Garden Plots, With Plenty of Good Times Thrown In at Their Post's Own Country Home*

THE Connecticut Yankees who bought the site of Cleveland for forty cents an acre in 1795 weren't sure they had made a real estate bargain, and when General Moses Cleaveland arrived in the wilderness to look over the tract of 3,000,000 acres the folks back in the East were about as happy as present-day holders of Chilean and Bolivian bonds. The general, however, speedily convinced the back-home doubters that the deal was a good one. From then on, Cleveland was a lively sector in real estate, with Yankee thrift and enterprise as the driving force in its development. The spirit that made every Connecticut River Valley hamlet a cradle for inventors of the new machine age, which sent New Englanders on whaling and trading voyages to the ends of the earth, flowered on the shores of Lake Erie and has never withered.

All this leads up to the fact that when Clifton Post of The American Legion was founded in Cleveland little more than a year ago, it was true to Cleveland's Yankee pioneering heritage. Since posts have already done almost everything under the sun, this new post was not content simply to get a charter, a set of colors and a meeting hall. Instead, like the first colonists, it began to make a name for itself on the soil. It emulated General Moses Cleaveland's associates by making a real estate bargain of its own, and embarked in a co-operative enterprise for producing roasting ears, tomatoes, peas, beans, potatoes and a lot of other things which still grow well on that original forty-cents-an-acre land. Its experiment, incidentally, points out a new path for American Legion posts composed of white-collar city chaps desiring to hold the Legion's name high and at the same time keep their families in vitamins.

Post Adjutant John C. Wells, happy that his post will share in welcoming The American Legion's National Convention to Cleveland next September, sent first word of his post's achievement. He wrote:

"This post, started in 1934, took over in its second year a farm of 65 acres on which was a dwelling and two large barns. One of our buildings had been a riding academy. The remodeled academy is now a recreation hall with concrete floor, decorated walls and ceiling, a stage, tap room, target range, shuffleboard courts and so on. But we are most proud of our forty-three vegetable gardens, each 50 by 200

Moving day at Clifton Post's farm outside Cleveland. The work detail in front of an old dwelling which was made a clubhouse. At left, a riding academy stable which became a recreation hall

feet. We have such treasures as an ample supply of sauerkraut, put down from the gardens, marvelous for cooking with pig's knuckles and spare-ribs. Our apples make excellent cider. Our wives are doing all sorts of things with the pop corn which we har-

vested from our five-acre pop corn field. All this we have done, in two years, on our acreage which is just off the west boundary of Cleveland Airport, scene of the annual air races.

Legionnaire Robert O. Smith supplements Mr. Wells's summary by telling how the post started with twelve members in the city of Lakewood, Cleveland's western suburb, enrolled 121 men in its first membership drive and got its permanent charter on April 12, 1935. At first it met in the center of Lakewood. In the spring a year ago came the happy idea of obtaining a tract for post gardens.

"By the end of April," writes Mr. Smith, "fifty plots had been plowed and made ready for planting. The individual gardens were worked by a single Legionnaire or by two doing everything on a fifty-fifty basis. Saturday afternoons, Sundays and often in the early mornings, the members were busy with rakes and hoes. Soon fresh vegetables were finding their way to the tables of Legionnaires. Ever since, the post has lived on the fat of our own land. All last summer we enjoyed fish fries, corn roasts, dances, hard times parties, turkey shoots and so on. We ended the year with a Christmas party at which the children of nearby Fairview Village were our guests.

"Our squadron of the Sons of The American Legion was organized last November. The boys manifested enterprise by getting the checking concession at the hall, thus building up their treasury at each special meeting. With their S. A. L. caps, they





help in a lot of ways at our post functions. They meet each week. At the Christmas party they presented several short sketches worked out by themselves and were the hit of the evening.

"This summer we expect to build a baseball diamond, tennis courts, a small golf course and a swimming pool, and we are erecting a porch around three sides of the dwelling. We may not have finished everything by September 21st, the day the National Convention opens, but we'll hold open house all during the convention and we'll be glad to see visitors."

Well, here is hoping that Mr. Wells and Mr. Smith and their fellow post members have a lot of callers in September. Their hospitality is typical of efforts being made by scores of other Cleveland posts, and if during the convention you tire of downtown crowds (see the picture of Cleveland Stadium on page 31 if you want to know how big a convention



ship is now open. Incidentally, can any other post cite a Post Commander who has served longer than Donald J. Zimmerman of Lincoln Post, Shamokin, Pennsylvania, who was first elected in 1920 and has served continuously except in one year when he was living elsewhere? Has any other P. C. served longer than sixteen years?

### *A Chorus for Your Post*

AMERICAN LEGION drum corps by the hundreds, Legion bands by the score, but how many posts, like Grand Forks (North Dakota) Post, have recognized the wider musical interest latent in the Legion by organizing a male chorus? C. D. Locklin writes that when Grand Forks Post only a few months ago began mobilizing bass, baritone and tenor voices it quickly enrolled forty men from its total membership of 300. The chorus is so popular



Above, a general view of Clifton Post's half-acre vegetable plots, each worked by one Legionnaire or two men jointly. Below, the post's five-acre pop corn field

crowd will be) what would be better than a trip to see Cleveland Airport and Clifton Post's buildings and vegetable gardens?

### *Who'll Trump This Claim?*

POST Commander C. E. Robinson of Albert Gordon Post of Jefferson, Georgia, writes that J. F. Eckles has served as Adjutant of his post continuously since 1925 and he wants to know if it doesn't constitute a record for long service. Any other post wishing to trump Commander Robinson's claim—and we're sure there are a lot of them—may do so with a letter to the Monthly. The Post Adjutant Champion-

JULY, 1936

with those who have joined it and with the whole post that it is scheduled to sing at the Department Convention in Jamestown, July 12th to 14th, and Mr. Locklin believes this appearance will be followed by a state competition of North Dakota post choruses in the following year. Furthermore, he is hoping that there will be formed a national choral organization which will become one of the Legion's main activities within a few years, and that an early national convention will hear a massed chorus of several thousand Legion voices.

"Like all posts," writes Mr. Locklin, "ours has a large group of those who pay dues but take no further part in post affairs other than attending a meeting now and then. We found that fully half of those who joined our chorus were men who had not been attending meetings. It appears that these men had only been waiting for something of this kind."

"After only three months of work the chorus was recognized as the best male chorus our city







Boys from many States in last year's American Legion National Model Airplane Contest. The fourth annual contest will be held at Indianapolis this year, August 29th and 30th

of 27,000 had produced. No fewer than four of the members are choir directors, half of them are choir singers and a half dozen are the leading male soloists of the community. We believe any other post anywhere could enrol the same percentage of men especially qualified, and find, as we did, dozens of other members who need only the opportunity to become outstanding singers.

"The chorus recommends itself as a post activity because it requires no financial outlay. Ours started on nothing, borrowing its music and a piano. The chorus has the further advantage of interesting a new outside group in the Legion, citizens who like music and are always ready to show appreciation. So, having already asked other posts of our own State to form choral groups, we pass the word along to harassed committee chairmen everywhere looking for new ideas to keep things moving."

### Other Legion Choruses

GRAND FORKS'S desire to vocalize Legion music will be applauded by Legion glee clubs in at least two other States. From Boston, Countess Elektra Rosanska, who organized as a hobby the widely-known American Legion Glee Club of Suffolk County, writes that she wants to get in touch with all other Legion singing organizations. She may be addressed at 228 Commonwealth Avenue.

The Glee Club of Sidney (Ohio) Post, composed of twenty-four Legionnaires, has been the official glee club of the Ohio Department for the last four years. Known as Sidney's Singing Soldiers, the outfit has appeared scores of times.

Let's hear from the spokesmen for other Legion choruses!

### For Boy Plane Builders

BUCK ROGERS may keep right on cutting capers around the moon in his rocket ship and the boys of his every-evening radio audience may make mental flights with him to their hearts' content, but so far as the National Aeronautics Commission of The American Legion is concerned it is thumbs down on rocket ships for the time being. No rocket type motors will be permitted

in the Fourth Annual National Airplane Model Contest to be staged under the Legion's auspices in Indianapolis August 29th and 30th. But, judging by the very elaborate set of rules and regulations, about everything else that flies may be exhibited during the contests which are expected to bring together the best

boy model plane builders and fliers of all the States. One contest for experimental types of planes is designed to encourage the development of new ideas in aeronautics. Plenty of helicopters, ornithopters, vacuumplanes and rotorplanes are expected, along with more conventional flying craft.

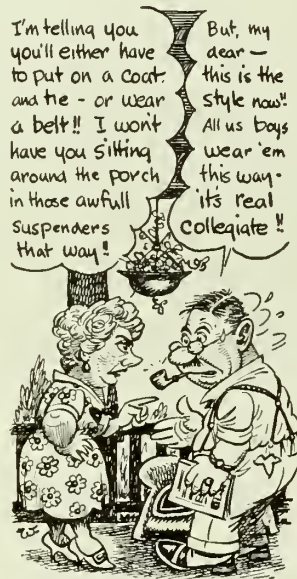
Posts have been asked to sponsor district or city model airplane contests and Legion Departments have been asked to arrange for state contests in anticipation of the national events at Indianapolis. Your post can get copies of the rules and general information by sending a request to Weir Cook, Director, National Aeronautics Commission, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

### Junior Golf, Too

JUNIOR Baseball is now old enough to travel fast and far on its own legs, but here is a new baby in Legion sport. It is National Junior Golf and its papa is St. Paul (Minnesota) Voiture of the Forty and Eight. The First National

Junior Golf Tournament will be staged in Minnesota's Twin Cities in August, with the blessing of the national organization of the Forty and Eight, and Voitures all over the country are expected to send contestants, under nineteen years of age. Kiefer Vaux of the St. Paul Voiture is chairman of the national junior golf committee, and Frank G. McCormick, director of athletics at the University of Minnesota, will see that the boy contestants are properly looked after. Fred Fuecker of Seattle, Washington, Chef de Chemin de Fer, in his visits to the Forty and Eight in all sections is helping line up likely contestants.

The national junior tournament will follow the sixth annual junior tournament of Minnesota, which will take place at Highland Park, St. Paul, June 29th to July 1st. This joint Legion-Forty and Eight affair has attracted as many as 160 entries in a single year. Scores of Minnesota posts engage seriously each





season in junior golf programs in their own communities designed to produce possible winners of the Department matches.

## First In Line For Cleveland

IF ONE-EYED Connolly, the Babe Ruth of gate crashers, were a Legionnaire, he'd have a merry time during the Cleveland National Convention, for there will be a lot of affairs at which admission will be by ticket only. Vic MacKenzie, National Convention Director, is sending out the tip to everybody concerned that the wisest persons of the 300,000 expected to attend the big show, September 21st to 24th, will be the holders of registration certificates.

"Register now through your Department Adjutant," Mr. MacKenzie urges, "and be sure that you'll be first in line everywhere. The \$2 registration fee entitles you, first of all, to the elaborate official convention program and the beautiful convention badge, things you'll certainly want to keep as souvenirs. But that's only the beginning. You get also: (1) A ticket to the Drama of America, a huge spectacular show at the Stadium on Sunday evening, September 20th; (2) a Stadium ticket for the Forty and Eight night parade on Monday; (3) an exchange ticket for the annual Military Ball Monday night in the Public Auditorium Arena; (4) a ticket giving you a choice seat in the Stadium during the National Convention parade on Tuesday; (5) a ticket to the annual drum corps contest, preliminaries and finals, at the Stadium, Wednesday afternoon and evening, and (6) an admission ticket to the Great Lakes Exposition, which will be a 1936 version of the Chicago World's Fair which was the background for the National Convention of 1933.

If you want to take a short cut, send your \$2 direct to the

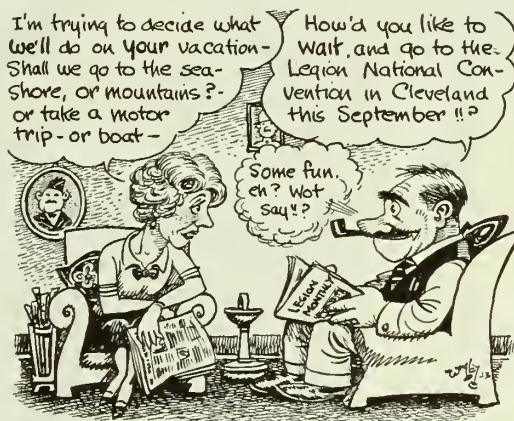
day earlier than usual, so that they may attend the pageant "America," in which every Legion Department will have a role.

## Big Moment Night

EVERY Legionnaire has his own favorite true story of the war, as evidenced by the 20,000 manuscripts which rolled in during the Monthly's two Big Moment Contests. Alonzo Cudworth Post of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has solved the problem of getting its home-grown raconteurs to sound off.

"We have had two Big Moment Nights in our post," writes Joe A. Hrdlick, formerly the post's Adjutant. "The details are easy to handle. Requisite No. 1 is a dinner of army slum. There are enough would-be mess sergeants in any post more than willing to try to re-create this ghost of the A. E. F. With priming of the sort that made Milwaukee famous, the Big Moment stories just naturally gush and bubble forth. If you can resurrect a rolling kitchen and mess kits, that's fine, and don't forget the old army

songs. Offer prizes for the best stories. If you want to, specify that everybody must wear some part of a wartime uniform."



## National Air Show

THE Legion's national aerial membership roundup this year, as in other years, brought to Indianapolis many of the coun-



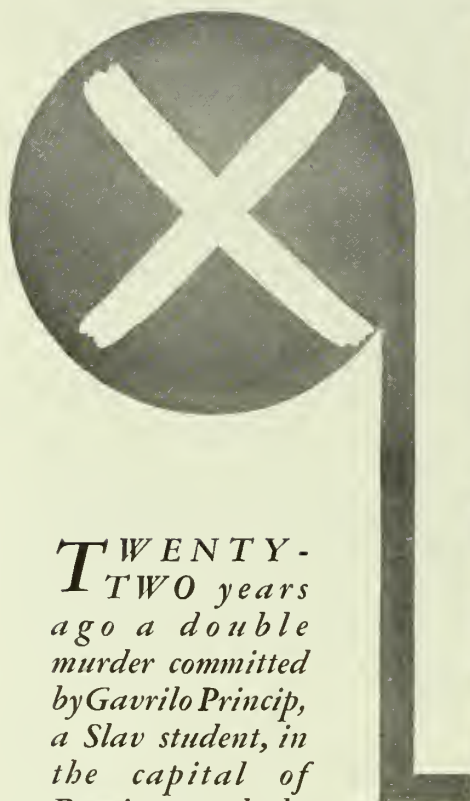
Eighty thousand spectators will see the Legion's National Convention parade in Cleveland Stadium Tuesday, September 22d. An historical drama, "America," will be staged in the Stadium Sunday night, September 20th

American Legion Convention Corporation, Guarantee Title Building, Cleveland, Ohio, giving your name and address and the name of your post. You will receive your registration receipt a few days later.

Many thousands of Legionnaires will arrive in Cleveland a

try's noted fliers and aviation leaders. Now it is announced that the biggest indoor event of America's flying men and the aviation industry will be under American Legion direction. The National Aviation Show, from January 28 to February 6, 1937, will be sponsored by Aviators Post of (Continued on page 65)





# MARKS *the* SPOT

**T**WENTY-  
TWO years  
ago a double  
murder committed  
by Gavriilo Princip,  
a Slav student, in  
the capital of  
Bosnia paved the  
tragic way to the  
World War



Above, a snapshot made by an American sailor in 1919, of the corner in Serajevo, Bosnia, where Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his morganatic wife were assassinated, June 28, 1914. Three of the Navy patrol party are shown in the picture at left



"No," echoed Legionnaire Marvin R. Keck of 507 South Street, Rapid City, South Dakota, in a letter which closely followed Danielson's. To clinch his claim, Danielson sent along the two pictures that you see on this page. Here is what Danielson said:

"Referring to the editorial in the Monthly for February, I wish to state that you are misinformed about Serajevo. I, for one, with a group of two officers, fourteen or so white sailors and

one colored sailor was in Serajevo and also at the spot where the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary was shot. The enclosed pictures of Serajevo verify my statement.

"I enlisted as a regular in Chicago in 1917. After leaving the U. S. S. *Polar Bear* in New York, I was transferred to Ellis Island for further assignment. A group of us were picked to be sent to Spalato, Dalmatia, and shipped on the U. S. S. *George Washington* for Brest, France. From there we traveled by rail to Venice, Italy, and at Venice were picked up by a United States destroyer and taken to Spalato on the Adriatic Sea. There we went aboard the *Zrinyi*, a captured Austrian battleship, and then to the U. S. S. *Olympia*. This transfer was after the Armistice.

"From time to time, men of the crew were sent from the ship to towns along the coast on shore patrol. It was with one of these groups that I went to Serajevo, our party having boarded a destroyer for Ragusa, from which point we continued to Serajevo by rail. We remained in that city about two weeks at the Grand

**W**ITH so many out-of-bounds orders in force during the war, it should be safe to assume that at least some few places might have been free of the roving feet of our men and women in service. American soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses were, in keeping with the rest of their countrymen, notorious tourists, and most of them who served in the A. E. F. took full advantage of the opportunity to see foreign lands.

Those out-of-bounds orders made it seem safe to say in an editorial on "Neutrality and the Universal Draft" in the February Monthly: "Because a wild youngster with an unpronounceable name shot off a revolver in Serajevo, two million Americans crossed three thousand miles of ocean in the greatest troop movement in all history . . . No one of the four million, incidentally, ever set eyes on Serajevo."

Was that correct? "No," said Legionnaire Theodore E. Danielson of 4330 Grand Boulevard, Menominee, Michigan.





Central Hotel, saw some places of interest and took a number of pictures.

"We returned to the U. S. S. *Olympia*

at Spalato and then our ship went to Fiume during the trouble between Dalmatia and Italy. Back to Spalato for a time and then to Turkey and Russia on the *Olympia*—our stay in those southern European countries lasting through most of the year 1919."

COMRADE KECK, calling attention to the same misstatement in the February editorial, deposes in this manner:

"Although no Yank was supposed to see this out-of-the-way place, Serajevo, it might be interesting to our readers to know that a few Americans did promenade the streets of the Bosnian capital.

"During the summer of 1919, our ship, the U. S. S. *Olympia*, flagship of the Adriatic fleet, was stationed at Spalato, having charge of mine-sweeping in the Adriatic, and settlement of the Italian-Yugoslav dispute over this Balkan state. Our furlough party was photographed August 2, 1919, on the spot where Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated on the streets of Sarajevo on June 28, 1914—this being the act that started the whole argument which took many millions of men to settle.

"About the time the war broke out, the Yugoslavs wrecked a monument of the archduke in the park of Serajevo and we later found it in a museum, stowed away by the Austrians. I suppose that long since the Yugoslavs have thrown it into the river. Although under Austrian rule when the war started, these Jugo-

Spencer, Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. A., whose letterhead shows "State of New Jersey, Officer of the Senior Instructor, Room 220 State House, Trenton." Here is Comrade Spencer's letter:

"I enclose herewith a photograph taken from a German prisoner during July, 1918, which shows a group of American prisoners, who apparently had just recently been captured. I was G-2 of the Third Division, A. E. F., all through the war. In July, 1918, we were holding the south bank of the Marne River eastward from Château-Thierry, when, on July 14th, the Germans launched their final drive of the war. The Third Division repulsed this attack within its sector, causing the Germans very heavy losses in killed and captured—600 prisoners being taken.

"The attack was made by the German 10th and 36th Divisions but only a small part of the 36th Division was able to participate in the river crossing owing largely to a very heavy machine-gun barrage which was placed on the north bank of the river just opposite the sector of our 38th Infantry.

"In searching prisoners for documents or other items having value as military intelligence, the photo I send was found. The possessor of it belonged to the German 10th Division. I do not know where or when this picture was taken nor do I know from which of our units these men were captured. It has occurred to me, however, that you might care to publish the picture as there is a possibility that some of your readers may recognize themselves or some of their buddies in the group."

EVEN though army orders cracked down on fraternization of American soldiers with the enemy in the Occupied Area in Germany, and occasionally an individual soldier was taken to

task for flagrantly violating those orders, the powers—that were usually looked with indul-

gence upon the very friendly relations established between our troops on the Rhine and the rank and file of German people in whose homes they were billeted. We know of cases in our own area in the Eiffel where men who were ill were tenderly cared for by the German mother in their billet and brought back to health.



This photograph of American prisoners of war was taken from a German soldier captured in July, 1918, by the Third Division during the fighting on the Marne River. Who are these American soldiers, what outfit, where captured?

slaves at heart were allies of the United States. After the war, any Yank in that country was treated like a king. We traveled anywhere through those Carpathian Mountains with railroad transportation free, and spent ten days in and around Serajevo, the boiling pot of 1914."

EVERY so often we get an opportunity to publish an unusual picture, such as the one on this page, of American soldiers whose identity is unknown. From the responses we have received, we are assured such pictures are interesting to all of our readers. Identities have been established in practically every case and so we enlist your aid again.

The picture we show came from Legionnaire Theodore K.

Simon Goverman of 3424 DeKalb Avenue, the Bronx, New York City, who boasts of being a member of New York's largest post—Dan Tallon Post, with headquarters at the General Post Office of the metropolis—submits visual evidence of one instance of fraternization, reproduced on the next page, and has this to say:

"The enclosed picture might be titled 'Fraternizing in the Army of Occupation.' The three American soldiers, including myself, who were billeted in the Miller house in Andernach, Germany, are here shown with the Miller family. Standing, from left to right, are: Simon Goverman, the Miller baby, Miller, Jr., Jack Ellisson and Aaron







Decker; sitting, in the same order, the Miller boy, Mrs. Miller, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Sr. We three men were with the Fourth Infantry, Third Division.

"What first attracted our attention, when we went into the Miller home, was that the younger Miller acted like a sore loser. The old man told us that his son had fought in the German army for almost three years as an artilleryman, only to come back wounded and find

"May I be pardoned, as I am getting old, for writing this letter? I am not a customary correspondent on any matter, but I have just read with a great deal of interest the review, entitled 'Rainbow's End?—Not Yet,' of the 42d Division's history, in the April issue of the Monthly.

"Well do I remember the gas attack near Village Nigre in the Baccarat Sector in which men of my company and regiment were killed and I still have a vivid recollection of attending the funeral at Baccarat as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations.

"However, I read the extract taken from writings attributed to the then-Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker. Quote: "Two of our infantry regiments, the Fourth Alabama and New York's Fighting Irish 69th . . . But when they were brigaded together and went into action in France. . . ."

"We were proud of our Southern buddies, the Alabams. I disagree with the Secretary of War and therefore write this letter. We, the 168th Infantry of Iowa, were brigaded with the Alabama boys in the 84th Brigade—New York being with the Ohio Infantry in the 83d. A strong alliance was effected between us

men of the Middle West and those of the South that carried through those hectic days. I daresay to this day each and every one of us, Southerner and Middle Westerner, has that glowing feeling in our breast when we recall the many mutual experiences.

"Those Southern boys were pals indeed and we still love them sufficiently that we cannot give them up to New York—even though Mr. Baker says so. Ask General Doug MacArthur—he was head rider on that herd for a while.

"Thanks for your indulgence. We know Secretary Baker didn't intentionally err, because he was there in person as I had the pleasure of seeing him, helmet and all, inspecting the trenches. But, New York, we still claim Alabama as our brigade sister or brother—whichever you will!"



**In Andernach, Germany, in 1919, Simon Goverman, Jack Ellisson and Aaron Decker, 4th Infantry, 3d Division, posed with their billet host and his family. The son, standing with the Americans, fought in the German army**

his people and his home serving the Americans whom he naturally considered his enemies. Hearing, as well as I could understand his language, the young man's remarks, I realized that he was very much depressed about the whole war business and he brooded, coming near to the point of doing something foolish either to himself or to someone else.

"The rest of the Miller family treated us all very well, and the rest of the boys and I felt that we should treat them the same way. By so doing we won the confidence of the German ex-soldier. As the weeks went by he could see that we meant no harm and so toward the end he became very friendly. When our regiment left Andernach, he and his whole family gave us a nice send-off, going down to the railroad station to bid us goodbye."

**E**VEN though seventeen years have passed since the majority of the A. E. F. were returned to this country and given their discharges from service, there are still instances of relatives who have failed to ascertain just what happened to their soldiers who did not return. Legionnaires have given invaluable assistance in many of these cases that have been called to their attention. Here is a similar appeal, received from V. Kelley Tittle, member of the Legion in Townley, Alabama, in which your aid is again enlisted:

"Dee Boyd Tirey, private, Company D, Ninth Infantry, (formerly of Headquarters, First Depot Division), was reported missing in action on July 31, 1918. Former comrades who have any information regarding him—whether he was killed in action or what else may have happened—are requested to communicate with his brother, W. A. Tirey, Route No. 1, Townley, Alabama."

**C**OMMENTS from readers? We invite and welcome them—and when space restrictions permit, we like to pass them on to our fellow Legionnaires. An ex-Rainbower, W. J. Satterlee, who served as sergeant with Headquarters Company, 168th Infantry, now a Legionnaire of Marcus, Iowa, has this to say:

14907 Lakewood Heights Boulevard, Lakewood, Cleveland, Ohio, as he is prepared to help you to make reservations for a headquarters, and dinners or whatever entertainment you have in mind.

Detailed information regarding the following Cleveland National Convention reunions may be obtained by writing to the Legionnaires whose names are listed:

NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion Mrs. Bertha Welter, natl. secy., Elkhart, Ind.

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F—Reunion, Margaret Wellbank, adjt., 2548 Diamond st., Philadelphia, Pa.  
4TH DIV. (Continued on page 70)





# Campers! Tourists! Look! A 6-Foot Double Bed!

*easily arranged inside Nash  
"400" or LaFayette Sedans!*

Any Nash-LaFayette dealer will show you how you can easily arrange a full-size double bed inside any Nash "400" or LaFayette sedan in less than ten minutes. It's simple to do. No extra equipment is necessary. No mattress is required. Think how this will cut travel costs on fishing or camping trips!

This just gives you a hint of all the extra room that you get in Nash and LaFayette! Wider seats than in cars costing over \$2,000! More

headroom than in cars costing two and three times as much! The largest double-acting hydraulic brakes in relation to car weight ever put on any car at any price! The world's first completely seamless one-piece all-steel body!

All of these advantages in the ONLY cars in the low-priced fields with all of the vital engineering features of the highest-priced cars! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

## LOW MONTHLY PAYMENTS THROUGH NEW 6% C. I. T. BUDGET PLAN

All prices subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.

*Car illustrated is DeLuxe Nash "400" Four-door Sedan with Trunk*



**SPECIAL TOURING FEATURES!**  
Cut travel costs... give more miles per dollar... increase vacation pleasure! • Sleeping Car—Any Nash "400" or LaFayette sedan instantly converted into a six-foot bed with seat cushions. • Large Luggage Compartment—in every model. • Automatic Cruising Gear—gives 4 to 5 more miles per gallon on cross-country driving. • Ask for a Touring Demonstration.



**LA FAYETTE \$595** AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY  
**NASH AMBASSADOR**

**NASH "400" \$665** AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY  
125-INCH WHEELBASE SEDANS WITH TRUNKS **\$835 TO \$995** F.O.B. FACTORY

# NASH and LA FAYETTE



# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



**G**EORGE W. B. BRITT, who earned the by-name of "Big Brother to the A. E. F." when he conducted the Questions and Answers department of the A. E. F. *Stars and Stripes*,

writes about a recent visit to a rural section where the folks still loaf about the cracker barrel at the crossroads store. He noticed that all the men were talkative with one exception.

"Who's the close-mouthed fellow?" he asked. "He hasn't spoken in ten minutes."

"Why, durnit, he ain't close-mouthed," someone said. "He's just waitin' for the storekeeper to bring back the spittoon."

"**W**HAT are the sins of omission?" asked the Sunday School teacher of a class of bright little boys.

From one youngster came the reply: "The sins we ought to have committed but haven't."

**C**OL. FRANK R. COATES, of New York, delights in telling of a young man who applied to him for a position many years ago and suggested a salary figure much higher than the job paid.

"You are asking for a very high rate of pay for a man who has had no experience," he told the young man.

"Maybe so," replied the youth. "But you see, sir, it is much harder to do something you know nothing about."

**F**ROM Kansan George V. Glaskin we learn that a temperance lecturer was in the throes of a masterpiece on the subject.

"Some people advocate total abstinence, while others suggest moderation," he declaimed. "But, I ask you, my friends—what is the all important drink question?"

From the back row came the reply: "What'll you have?"



**T**HE truant officer had enlisted the support of the local proprietors of amusement places to help keep the children in school. One afternoon a small boy

approached the ticket office of a movie theater to buy a ticket.

"And why are you not in school?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, it's all right," the boy smiled assuredly. "I've got the measles."

**V**IC MACKENZIE, Legion National Convention Director, is telling one about a young couple applying for a marriage license.

"The young lady is not a minor, is she?" asked the suspicious registrar.

"Oh, no," replied the prospective groom. "She works in the five-and-ten."

**T**WO salesmen for competitive houses were discussing the upturn in business, and incidentally doing a little high-powered bragging on the orders they were getting.

"Why, only this week," one said, "I got a single order amounting to \$3500."

"Hold on," said the other. "That's stretching it too far—I don't believe it."

"You don't believe it!" exclaimed the booster, reaching for his brief case. "Just a minute, and I'll show you the cancellation."



**A**SCOTCHMAN had been away from home for eleven years. When he returned he found his five brothers wearing long beards.

"Why the hair-r?" he asked as he confronted the group.

"Dinna ye remember? Ye took the razor with ye."

**T**HE Legion luncheon club had just listened to an address on economy. A tribute to the effectiveness of the speaker was manifested at the conclusion of his talk, when the Post Commander said:

"I think it fitting we should extend a vote of thanks to the speaker by giving him two rousing cheers."

**P**EGGY CHENEY, of West Hartford, Connecticut, writes about the heroic work done by Legionnaires this spring when the Connecticut River overflowed its banks. Legionnaire Charles H. Daus, who was in charge of one of the boats, related one of the incidents which relieved the tragedy of the moment.

"People had little time to prepare for getting out of their houses, and many were evacuated with considerably less than their usual quota of garments. One mother of a brood, including a daughter of seventeen, was distressed at the necessity for her daughter's descent into the rocking boat below, but the father, patting her gently on the shoulder, said: 'Don't worry, mamma, they won't peek—they're soldiers.'"



**C**OMRADE James B. Sullivan of Fort Stevens Post, District of Columbia, revives the one about the man regaling his friends with his personal achievements during the World War.

"Why, at Château-Thierry," he said, "bullets passed around me thicker than a swarm of bees—thousands of them."

"I suppose you counted 'em," said another vet.

"You're happy tootin' I did. I was in the ordnance department, and stood in the road, checking every truck of ammunition that passed me on the way to the lines."

**A**BOY from the village had made good out in Hollywood. A former resident of his home town was back from Chicago for a visit.

"Does your son ever come back to the old home town?" he asked the boy's father.

"Yes, every year," replied the father. "He's been back four times."

"Does he bring his wife with him?"

"Every time—and they were four as pretty young women as I ever saw."

**T**HE candidate for public office was making a house-to-house canvass of the voters in his district. In one home, when he had just about finished his argument on why he should be elected, a small boy came into the room. The candidate spoke to the boy and, turning to the head of the house, said:

"That's a fine lad you have—splendid features, very manly and apparently very smart." He paused for a moment and then added: "I am going to count on you voting for me."

"I will not!" was the blunt reply. "That boy is my wife's child by her first husband."



**D**ON JONES of the New Castle (Pennsylvania) Joneses writes about the young lady who had never transacted any business in a bank. She had a

check for a sizeable amount which she presented for payment to the cashier.

"How do you wish the money?" asked the man behind the iron grille.

For a moment the young lady seemed confused, and then with a happy smile she said:

"I'll just hold out my hand, and you can put the money in it."



# Proof wins America!



## MEET THE "Meter-Miser"

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

It is hidden away where it cannot mar beauty. You need never look at it. Yet, year after year, this powerful little giant will keep food safer... produce more cold for less current cost. For it's the simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built. Has only three moving parts, permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt.

FRIGIDAIRE MEETS ALL FIVE STANDARDS FOR REFRIGERATOR BUYING — with PROOF!

1. Lower Operating Cost
2. Safer Food Protection
3. Faster Freezing — More Ice
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5. Five-Year Protection Plan



### VETERANS!

A wise investment  
that will pay you  
dividends in Satisfaction, Safety and  
Savings for years  
and years!

## FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE "METER-MISER" KEEPS FOOD SAFER AT LOWER COST

*and Proves it*

● PROOF is showing all America the new, safe way to choose a refrigerator! Buyers everywhere are thronging Frigidaire Dealers' PROOF-DEMONSTRATIONS.

They're buying on eye-witness evidence that Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser keeps milk, meats and other perishable foods safer, more delicious, for days longer—yet cuts current cost to the bone! They see *Proof* that Frigidaire fulfills ALL FIVE Standards for Refrigerator Buying.

### Proved right before your eyes

Frigidaire gives this proof because it alone has the remarkable Meter-Miser, the miracle cold-making unit. Your Dealer invites you to come in and see an accurate meter demonstrate how *little* electricity the Meter-Miser uses to maintain safe, low temperatures, even on the hottest days!

Don't be satisfied with mere claims. Frigidaire gives you *proof*. See with your own eyes how it keeps food

### On Guard For You!



Frigidaire builds this FOOD-SAFETY INDICATOR into a shelf, right where your food is kept—visible proof that Safety-Zone Temperature, between 32 and 50 degrees, is maintained even in the hottest weather.

safer at lower cost, and gives marvelous new convenience, too.

More ice and better-frozen desserts—faster. A wider "refrigerated pantry," with up to 42% more space *in front*, easier to reach. With Automatic Reset Defrosting, Full-Width Sliding Shelves and many other genuinely usable advantages. The complete, thrilling *proof-demonstration* is waiting for you. See it today.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO



Look for this Name-Plate

*Ask your Frigidaire dealer for Proof!*



# Your Boy and Mine

(Continued from page 23)

the traditional stern father, who attempts to mold his son in a rigid conception of his own which ignores the boy's personality rights, who by tactlessness arouses youthful combativeness and rebellion, often brings about a stalemate of mutual misunderstanding.

Most of us come to learn these things in the gradual evolution of parenthood. Doubts and misgivings are inevitable as we see youth wielding a bold paddle on the stream of life which we know to be treacherous, as we behold youth heading intrepidly into the shadowy forest of everyday experience. It is our parental good fortune if we can exercise guidance without seeming to guide, if we can retain liaison without apron strings, if we can preserve the common meeting ground of mutual confidence.

EVERY squadron of The Sons of The American Legion is just such a common meeting ground. If it is composed of the right sort of boys, and I have absolute confidence in every squadron; if Legion fathers are conscious of the high obligation they assume in sponsoring a squadron, and I am sure they are, then there are set in motion forces which will not only develop better character and personality in boys but also make the fathers of those boys better than they otherwise would be.

I think one of the prime benefits of every squadron is its effect upon the members of the Legion post which sponsors it. I do not believe there is a single post which does not wish for its sons the fullest development of which they are capable.

In the final attainment of that objective, every Legion post can find a new reason for its being. Likewise, every individual father who is a member of that post may benefit by observing that his own parental problems are similar to those of other fathers, by learning that boys will be the right kind of boys if given a fair chance.

Every meeting of a squadron of The Sons of The American Legion is a glorious opportunity for the post, if it does no more than observe what its sons do when they get together. Let them play. Help them find things to do which they will like to do. Then let Nature take its course. She may be trusted.

When the darker misgivings come in your own personal problem of rearing your son, when you are tempted to pass harsh judgment upon progeny which is only attempting to find itself by the sometimes bitter process of trial and error, reflect that the sages in all ages have considered your problem their own. As I prepared to set down these few observations born of three years' experience as

the Commander of the Detachment of The Sons of The American Legion in the largest State of this nation, it occurred to me to look up what others in other times have written about sons and their fathers.

More than a hundred years before Christ, the Latin playwright Terence, who tried to present a faithful picture of life in an earlier Athens, remarked: "What harsh judges fathers are to all young men." And he added:

What unjust judges fathers are, when in regard to us they hold  
That even in our boyish days we ought in conduct to be old,  
Nor taste at all the very things that youth and only youth requires;  
They rule us by their present wants, not by their past long-lost desires.

Contemporary Lewis Mumford remarks in "The Brown Decades" that: "The commonest axiom of history is that every generation revolts against its fathers and makes friends with its grandfathers."

That last, incidentally, is a wise commentary on the phenomenon that when youth is flaming in one generation, it is likely to be staid and conservative in the next, a cycle that seems to be repeated endlessly.

Pope confirmed our everyday knowledge when he wrote:

And still tomorrow's wiser than today.  
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;  
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

And Wordsworth provided a little theme on the benefit which your Legion post can find by making buddies of its squadron of The Sons of The American Legion, when he wrote in his "Anecdote for Fathers":

O dearest, dearest boy! My heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.

I ought to end perhaps on that note, but there are a few facts and figures which I should give for the benefit of any post contemplating a squadron of The Sons of The American Legion. First of all is the fact that the national organization, established in 1932, had 42,399 members in 1751 squadrons at the end of 1935 and promises to show a big membership increase this year.

The organization is governed by a National Constitution and By-Laws, which provides for a National Committee appointed by the National Commander of The American Legion. The chairman of this committee this year is T. C. Kasper of Aberdeen, South Dakota, and

other members are A. L. Greenwalt, Portland, Oregon; J. Ernest Isherwood, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania; Bryce P. Beard, Salisbury, North Carolina, and Luther C. Brown of Salem, Indiana. Bryce P. Beard was chairman of the new organization in its two earlier years and its growth from 73 squadrons and 376 members in 1933 to the size it attained at the end of last year testifies to the character of his leadership.

National Headquarters of The American Legion in Indianapolis has issued a revised copy of The Squadron Handbook which contains full information regarding the organization and administration of a squadron, recommended activities, ceremonies and so on. No statewide conventions are to be held for the present, and, in line with the national policy of permitting the new organization to have a spontaneous and natural growth, the individual squadrons remain independent units, selecting their own activities and in general choosing the lines of their own development. This year the national organization is stressing an eight-point major activity program as follows: (1) Occupational Introduction; (2) Boys' Camps; (3) Holiday Observances; (4) Play Time Activity; (5) Five-Point Program of Service; (6) Aviation Activities; (7) Legion Service, and (8) Uniformed Groups.

THE National Committee at a recent meeting in Indianapolis recommended that no official uniform be adopted at this time, but that each squadron adopt its own uniform and that this be an inexpensive one. Many squadrons have adopted uniforms consisting of white duck trousers, blue shirts and Squadron caps. The Emblem Division at National Headquarters has prepared a Sons of The American Legion catalogue which will be sent upon request. Write to the Division in Indianapolis.

In my own post's squadron in Jamestown we had great success this winter with a ski contest in which boys from six to 17 took part, and this spring we held a kite contest.

I only wish that every last Legionnaire could have seen these two events. They demonstrated the possibilities of the youthful organization which is only on the threshold of its growth and usefulness. These two contests were but a part of our complete program which follows the lines recommended by The Squadron Handbook. Our whole experience here in my own community is proof to me that any post, in any city or town, can perform no better service to itself and its community than the service it gives as it marches into the future side by side with its sons.



# READ WHAT THESE MEN SAY ABOUT THE DEPENDABLE USED CARS

*They Bought from Dependable Dodge Dealers!*

"I know the reputation Dodge has for dependability," says Adam H. Miller, Irvington, New Jersey, so I went to Earle M. Taber, our Dodge dealer, and without any trouble at all, found what I think is an excellent value in a used car. I have absolutely no fault to find with it and I would recommend to anybody in the market for a used car to save time and go to a Dodge dealer."



"I bought the used car I have from Crosby Motors, Inc., the Dodge dealer," writes L. W. Kansteiner, Normandy, Missouri. "You can depend on whatever they sell you. I've driven this car 12,452 miles and I am more than satisfied with it."



"We wanted a car but did not feel justified in spending money for a new car," says Ralph A. Ashley, Oakland, California. "We ran into a friend who had a very good-looking used car. It looked as good as new. He bought it from the Dodge dealer, J. E. French Co. We went to the same dealer and had no trouble whatever getting a good car at the right price."

## How to Buy a Dependable Used Car or Used Truck

THERE'S no secret about buying a used car or used truck, you can depend on. Thousands of wise buyers all over America have found this out.

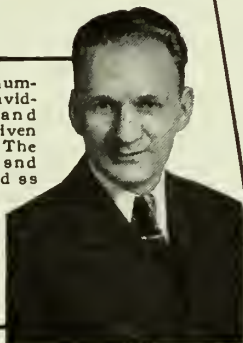
They picked the dealer first! —then picked the car! They went to a dependable Dodge dealer. They know that Dodge has a 22-year-old reputation for dependability—and that Dodge dealers are just as dependable!

Dodge dealers know that their reputation for delivering honest merchandise, honestly priced, year after year, is their greatest

asset. That's why thousands of buyers positively know that, no matter what kind of used car or used truck they buy from a Dodge dealer—no matter whether it's a \$50 or \$500 purchase—they can be sure it's a dependable value for the money!

See your Dodge dealer today! See his selection of all makes and models. Ask about his easy, low-cost, time payment plan. You can arrange time payments to fit your budget—whether they're \$10, \$15, \$20, or any other amount per month!

"I have purchased a number of used cars from Davidson Bros. Motor Co. and every one of them has given me first-class service. The one I have now looks and performs almost as good as new and it is giving me excellent service. All I can say is, if anybody is looking for a good used car, go to a Dodge dealer."  
—E. D. McGowan, Kansas City, Kansas.



VETERANS! HERE'S  
A WAY TO S-T-R-E-T-C-H  
YOUR BONUS  
DOLLARS!

More people buy Dodge cars than any other make except the three lowest-priced cars. As a result, Dodge dealers everywhere have the greatest selection of used cars they've ever had! And right now they've declared an extra bonus for you by offering used cars and used trucks at new low prices!



"We needed a second car and I did not feel justified in going to the expense of another new car. A friend suggested that the way to buy a used car was to go to a dealer who had a reputation. He had bought a used car from a Dodge dealer and to me Dodge has always stood for dependability. So I went to Bishop, McCormick & Bishop, the nearest Dodge dealer, and I got a used car which I think for downright value can't be beat. It hasn't given me the slightest bit of trouble."  
—E. C. Van Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.

## DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



# Point!

(Continued from page 27)

the course. The gallery talked in low tones, and were careful not to ride too close to the dogs. No cameras were in evidence; a handler refuses to take any chances when a \$1,500 prize is at stake. In the end, Doc was credited with finding six coveys and a single, during which time his behavior was all that could be desired; he was also charged with two unproductive points. But those of us who know that a quail can run considerable distance while the judges are riding up to the spot readily forgave Doc for these errors.

DR. Blue Willing's rather formidable reputation had preceded him; he had taken six stakes over the circuit during the previous year. Of medium size, and a tireless worker, he was the choice of the experts. When Dr. Blue was drawn for the first heat of the first day, before the quail on the courses knew there were any bird dogs in that part of Tennessee, the old-timers said it was all over but the shouting. During the first heat everyone agreed that he had set a pace that would be hard to beat; he had shown the intelligence, speed, bird-finding sense, and stamina of a champion. Already the winner of sixteen stakes and a runner-up in twelve others, it seemed that at last the sturdy lemon-and-white pointer would win the National.

But that was before Sulu, daughter of The Hottentot, was unleashed two days later. Running under leaden skies, this liver-and-white pointer got off to a slow start; for the first hour she was unable to find a covey. But this only makes her subsequent record all the more remarkable; in two hours she found as many coveys as Dr. Blue Willing had pointed in three, was handled with little difficulty, and turned in a heat that the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* hunting and fishing expert said was "the acme of perfection." In fact, he was willing to bet his silk shirt—"the one with the pearl buttons"—that Sulu would win the Championship, although thirteen dogs remained in the trial. For Sulu handled her birds—six coveys and two singles—like a champion, made no unproductive points, never broke or flushed the birds, and finished in excellent shape.

Half an hour after the last dog had finished, the three judges announced that Sulu's bird work topped the field. She was not quite as stylish, perhaps, as Yankee Doodle Jack; or as flashy as Tips Manitoba Jake, but the handlers, newspapermen, and gallery agreed with the judges that she gave one of the most brilliant performances ever seen in the National trials.

At the end of the first morning's run there was a concerted rush to the Ames plantation, to which lunch boxes and coffee

had been sent from the hotel and the cafe. We crossed a dry river bed, and rode up a tree-shaded gravel road to the well-kept mansion and the substantial stables. Here, outside the saddle room, we lined up at a long table, and received our individual lunches. Quite a number ate standing; in fact, many preferred it that way if they were not accustomed to riding. On the first morning they might have hummed "Bring Me My Boots and Saddle," but by evening they had changed their refrain to "Bring Me My Salve and Liniment."

It was a colorful gallery that followed the dogs, judges, and handlers after lunch, over hills covered with golden sedge grass, wild plum thickets, clumps of white oak, crab grass, beggar weed, Lespedeza, and briers. Fancy riding boots and whipcord trousers were in the minority; most of the handlers and other riders wore hunting coats, high-top shoes, and khaki riding trousers. Women riders (who numbered sixteen one day) rode astride—with two exceptions. One was the wife of our host—a gracious, gray-haired lady. Several of the men rode mules, but the majority rented horses from nearby farms. Enterprising horse owners brought their riding stock from a distance of twenty-five miles, on foot or in trucks, and one presumably wealthy enthusiast brought two riding horses in a padded van a distance of eighty miles, just for one day's sport. That meant getting up at three in the morning—and getting back home late at night.

In former years it was not unusual for a man to breed, train, and handle his own dogs. He might drive from Oklahoma or New Jersey, with his wife in the front seat and his dog in the rear, but he came. And, as a rule, his dog gave the prima donnas, born and bred in luxury and trained and handled by high-salaried experts, a run for their money. No entrants were handled by their owners this year.

THERE aren't the crowd and the dust and the excitement and the juleps and the betting at the National that one finds at the Kentucky Derby, but the men and women who follow these dogs on horseback for a three-hour stretch make up in enthusiasm what they lack in numbers. They worship the class and style that is to be found in the highest degree in field-trial dogs. One authority has remarked: "In no other animal, save man, does intelligence and individuality rise to a higher form than in the pointer and setter." And after hunting with bird dogs since boyhood, I can subscribe to every word of the above. Why, I have seen a bird dog wade out into a pond until his head was just above water, and

point to a covey of quail on a little island in the middle. I have seen a pointer scramble up the steep side of a gully, hook his forepaws over the edge, and, suddenly catching the scent of quail on the rim, actually come to a point while hanging there by his forepaws. In the National this year, Tips Manitoba Jake, from the kennels of Glenna Collett Vare, racing over a field, scented a covey while in midair, and turned abruptly at a right angle, like a sword-fish leaping out of the water.

With the end of the first afternoon heat, there was a concerted dash to a spot along the highway where cars and trucks were waiting. Back in town, those who were lucky enjoyed a hot bath. After dinner the handlers congregated for the evening talk-fest. There the day's events were hashed over; the heats run and re-run. The qualities of this dog and that—or the lack of them—were discussed. One learned of the virtues of Mary Montrose, Becky Broomhill, and Feagin's Mohawk Pal—each a three-time winner of the National. One heard names so strange as to be almost unbelievable: Stylish Mr. Joe, Black Hawk Kid, Seaview Rex's Dixie, Air Pilot Sam, Chimes Mississippi Jack, Shores Carolina Spot, Jack Frost's Dan, Muscle Shoals Betty, Speckled Dan Belfair, and Jab's Blondie Bimpkins. The handlers and owners could get steamed up over the classic struggle for the championship between Cobb's Hall and Mary Montrose, back in 1920, as easily as we in Memphis Post No. 1 do over the battle of Belleau Wood or the storming of Seicheprey.

IN a championship event a dog is judged upon his ability to find birds and the alacrity with which he obeys his handler. His style, gait, speed, range, intelligence, and ground work are also taken into consideration. He must have the hunting instinct which takes him to birdy-looking spots, instead of merely racing across the landscape like a greyhound. There must be no unproductive points, and the bird dog must keep his mind on quail, not rabbits and deer.

The field trial furnishes a standard by which all setters and pointers may be judged. Field trials are held throughout the year in all parts of the United States and Canada where quail, pheasants, and prairie chickens are found. There are said to be more than two hundred field trial clubs scattered throughout this country and Canada. Handlers and field-trial fans go from Holly Springs, Mississippi, to Medford, New Jersey; from Pinehurst to Saskatchewan. The more stakes the (Continued on page 42)



# Crime Fighter



CASES of serious crime dumped into the lap of the Division of Criminal Investigation to solve got Karl W. Detzer into plenty of strange, sometimes far from comfortable situations.

The Armistice brought *him* no peace—the D.C.I. came into existence and sent him to LeMans, a “going home city,” with a constantly changing group of 100,000 restless men in his area.

When you men shouted for rousing good adventure stories, *THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY* came to bat with Detzer. Few men have such a reservoir of exciting tales. And they *ring true*—because many of them are based on actual experiences, more thrilling than fiction.

It is our pride that *this magazine* discovered Detzer. *THE SATURDAY EVENING* JULY, 1936

Post—other magazines—the movies—followed our lead.

\* \* \*

“Big fellows sometimes get a lucky break,” muses the Advertising Man. “Like that six-foot-four British officer who got taken out of the muddy trenches and given a swell job on one of those war missions to Washington—’cause why? He was too darned tall for the trenches! Had his buddies all scared he’d stand up straight some day and draw an enemy barrage.

“They must have had tall fellows like him in mind—and broad fellows and man-sized citizens generally—when they designed these new Nash and LaFayette automobiles with the extra head room, leg room, and comfortably wide seats. You notice they’re advertised in this magazine (page 35.) They figured that men who’d ever been squeezed into front line trenches and

“8 chevaux 40 hommes” box cars would know how to appreciate this idea of giving motorists extra comfort by providing more room.

“Makers of Chesterfield Cigarettes chose this magazine for an entirely different reason. They found out from a survey that our subscribers are great smokers, and smoke with discriminating enjoyment—the ideal audience, they concluded, for Chesterfield’s story of a mild tasting, satisfying smoke (Back Cover).

“Colgate’s Shaving Cream selected this magazine for an interesting reason, too. You can’t, they say, look over any good sized gathering of our subscribers without noticing that they’re the kind of men who take pride in looking well-groomed. And that’s just the kind of audience they want for their story of better groomed appearance with Colgate’s ‘skin-line’ shave (page 55).”



# Point!

(Continued from page 40)

dogs win, the more valuable they become. As much as \$3,000 is often paid for a dog of championship caliber; and the great McTire brought \$7,500, although he has not won the National nor has he been used for breeding purposes.

If you haven't been to a field trial—even to a local event—you naturally wonder what it's all about, and why pointers and setters have so many devoted followers. Well, let's go back a hundred years. The average man of that period could not afford to own a blooded horse, but he usually had a good hunting dog. In fact, such a dog was a good investment when game was plentiful and there were no closed seasons. The hunting qualities of a Tennessee pointer or a Kentucky setter no doubt furnished a topic of conversation at many a cross-roads store in the South and Middle West. As the country became settled, battles with the Indians became fewer and the larger game was killed off, and men came to rely on their bird dogs for adventure. When the respective merits of several dogs were in question, the only way to

settle the matter was to hold a field trial.

This was—as it is today—an invitation by some association to dog owners to put their dogs in competition with other dogs from nearby States or counties. The judges were chosen by the association from the most experienced men in the country—as they are today. But don't confuse a field trial with a bench show, or a field trial judge with a bird-dog fancier; he must have hunted with bird dogs. At a bench show, a well-groomed bird dog, sleek and well fed, may win a prize merely on looks. Usually a field-trial dog is thin to the point of scrawniness, for all fat is removed from his meat.

In a field trial, a dog is turned loose on a course that he may never have been over before, in competition with another dog, and he not only must have all the points of a bench-show winner but he must find birds. In the National, he must cover a course ten miles long—which means that the dog travels perhaps twenty-five miles in three hours. During the trial this year, the thermom-

eter ranged between fifty and seventy degrees. At other times the dogs must work on snow-covered and frozen ground.

The field-trial dog need not be a bench winner, but he must have style in his pointing. Speed and the ability to find birds are essential, but once he has found a covey of quail and come to a point, he must remain like a statue until his handler has arrived, flushed the birds, and fired a shot. Field-trial enthusiasts call that being "steady to wing and shot." If his brace-mate finds the same covey first, he also must come to a point; this is called "backing," and there were several excellent examples of it during the National.

Only dogs that have won regional stakes may compete in the National. Such a dog, hearing a single blast of his handler's whistle, will stop abruptly, single his handler out from the other riders, and race off in the direction indicated. Thus he is kept on the course.

Unlike other field trials, the National has only one winner. He's got what it takes.

## Will My Czechs Cash In?

(Continued from page 17)

strides in the last four years, the record moving up over three feet. There are about ten athletes here of Olympic caliber, reaching that only by some very hard work and seasoning. The latter is going to be hard, since most of the competition is among themselves and they have a mental hazard in their high regard for champions from larger nations.

A good example of this mental hazard is that a fast time made in America on a lightning fast track will discourage them. They never figure or do not know that here are the worst tracks that I have ever experienced, and that the times they are doing compare quite favorably. One of my hardest jobs is to adjust this mental attitude and create a will to win. I am delivering pep talks all the time.

Their preciseness, their fetish for style is a handicap in the field events. So much time and thought is given to minor details that the afternoon is gone and the real work undone. But that is a natural state of mind for them at this stage of development in sport.

I had the nearest thing to heart failure a month ago. My best sprint prospect ran 100 yards and my watch said 9.8 seconds, but I had the wrong finish and it was really about 10.2 seconds on a soft track. I had the Olympic sprint championship in my pocket—until I discovered the mistake the next day. Even so it was good, and he's a real prospect,

having had little running and being only nineteen years old.

The only hurdler in the country was an athlete 38 years old, bald headed and fast losing his speed. He was the amateur coach also, and I have often wondered whether he was not protecting his event by not making hurdlers. I have two started well on the road now, but neither will get very fast this season.

They tell me of a case here where a discus thrower, acting as amateur coach, protected his event by not telling his pupils which way the discus was to spin and had them all doing it counter-clockwise instead of clockwise.

It seems that every visiting star to this country had a peculiar style of doing his event. The result has been that many hard and impractical things have been tried. Metcalfe was here two years ago and used a spread style of start, and every sprinter accepted it as the only way to start, regardless of whether it fit his stature or not. Spitz came with his style of high-jumping and they took it up. Spitz had developed his own style and it is a hard one to copy.

All the runners tried to copy Nurmi's footwork, and ended up running as flat as a pancake. This has taken me months to change and during the change they have been discouraged with the progress.

A year is a short time to do all these

things and expect also to get an Olympic team together which will be creditable in its showing. I have sorted out the best of them and am now pumping them hard. What the result will be is hard to say.

There is no doubt but what the Berlin Olympiad will set a new standard for the Games. The interest throughout Europe is greater than can be imagined despite the war clouds which have been gathering for the past few months. Germany has the stage well set, and everything points to a sell-out for the main attractions.

**B**ESIDES furnishing the strongest team in track and field, America is playing a good part in the preparation of athletes for this Olympiad. Boyd Comstock of Los Angeles has had charge of the Italian national team for the past year and Harold Bruce, former Union College coach, has spent a year getting the Austrian team in shape. I have been in touch with both and their experiences have been much like mine.

This is not going to be any set-up for the United States. On paper it appears to be so in many of the events, but it is my opinion that the final results will hold a lot of disappointments.

The biggest asset of the United States, unlimited material, will work as a handicap. The stress and strain placed on



America's best athletes in making the team will have them well worked out before they sail for Berlin. It has been the case in previous Olympiads and this time the competition among our boys will be greater than ever at the final trials in New York.

This condition coupled with the long sea trip makes it a different proposition from what it was in 1932, when the games were in Los Angeles. Then the Europeans had the long trip and found it did not entirely agree with them.

In 1928 at Amsterdam the United States won only one running race, the 400 meters, with Ray Barbuti of Syracuse University. I would predict now that the United States will not win a race beyond 400 meters. The English runners at 800 and 1500 meters appear the best, and beyond these distances are the Finns, stronger than ever in numbers, with Kusocinski of Poland, winner of the 10,000 meters race in 1932, still running and in great form. He was the sensation of the distance men at Los Angeles and many of the experts declared that he was a better man than Nurmi had been at the distance.

It would be hard to imagine sprinters better than Owens, Peacock and Metcalfe, yet there are some fine sprinters over here. Sir of Hungary and Hanni of Switzerland stand out in Europe in the 100 and 200 meters. Both have done such time as to make me believe that at Berlin they will be dangerous. Again I point out the fact that good tracks are rare in Europe, and for that reason many of the sprinters are not given the proper rating. England also has good sprinters in Rangeley, Holmes and Sweeney, and we know from experience that a good English sprinter is a hard one to beat where the race drags out into many heats before the final.

The United States should command the field events. The broad jumping and high jumping of the past year are by far better than anything over here. Pole vaulters from America will find the Europeans greatly improved, and the Japanese vaulters will be extremely dangerous. I saw them here last August and was surprised how well they vaulted.

In the weights we must be at our best. Woelke of Germany in the shot put is good. I saw him in an indoor meet in April and he is capable of 54 feet. Anderson of Sweden is throwing the discus in record performances and the Finns have one of the best hammer-throwers in Porhola, with Dr. O'Callaghan of Ireland still active after winning two Olympiads in the hammer.

I feel, however, that athletes from the United States can win all the field events except the javelin and hop, step and jump. The javelin will be decided between Jarvinen of Finland, world record holder and Olympic champion in 1932, and Stock of Germany, who is pushing him hard. Nambu of Japan is the outstanding hop, (Continued on page 44)

JULY, 1936



Melvin Purvis, former G-Man, employing the instrument used to determine the gun from which a bullet was fired.

# Getting the Drop on Public Nuisance No.1

By Melvin Purvis

Former G-Man and Nemesis of Gangdom

WHEN the rataplan of gunfire hushed, Public Enemy Number 1 lay sprawled on the street. This gangster's swift justice at the hands of law and order marked the beginning of the end for one of the most vicious gangs in the history of crime. And in this spectacular man hunt, as in most others, scientific skill and close attention to detail played leading parts.

These are the similarities between the manufacture of Gillette Blades and crime detection, although I didn't know this until my recent inspection trip through the Gillette factory. Previously I had taken razor blades for granted. I couldn't imagine the scientific skill, expert craftsmanship and tremendous care that is lavished on the Gillette Blade.

I saw things on my visit to the factory that are almost unbelievable. Yes, I saw wonders that a non-scientific mind simply cannot grasp. The automatic control mechanism on the electric hardening furnaces positively awed me. In these furnaces the world's finest steel is treated with more heat or less heat as required

for utmost uniformity with the correct standard. This system alone was evolved at a cost of many thousands of dollars and years of research and labor.

Familiar as I am with the microscope I was greatly impressed with Gillette's constant use of this scientific instrument to assure perfection in the finished product. I marvelled at a photo-electric device developed by Gillette which measures the sharpness of the blade edges, and guides the skilled technicians who keep the huge grinding machines in tune. These machines weigh four tons each and can be adjusted to a fineness of 1/10,000 of an inch.

Most impressive of all is the precision of every operation. A trip through the factory is a revelation to one who appreciates accuracy and meticulous attention to detail. More than that, a man leaves the Gillette plant with a feeling of gratitude to these experts who have the drop on Public Nuisance No. 1—these Gillette scientists who have made the removal of unsightly bristles so much easier and more comfortable for every man.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



# Will My Czechs Cash In?

(Continued from page 43)

step and jumper, with Metcalf of Australia pushing him hard on performances of 1935.

England has won the 800 meters since 1920. In Stothard, England has another excellent 800-meter man to take up the work done so well by Hill, Lowe and Hampson at Antwerp, Paris, Amsterdam and Los Angeles. While Stothard has not made the time of some of the other runners over here, he gets my choice in this race over the others. There are many outstanding 800-meter runners—Kucharski of Poland with a mark of 1.51.6, Lanzi of Italy, 1.52.2, Teileri of Finland, 1.52.8 and Szabo of Hungary, 1.53. Kucharski is the best in Europe and has the reputation of being a very strong

finisher, a part of the race where the English also shine in strong competition. Ben Eastman of California, if he runs this race at Berlin, with his fast pace setting will insure record time.

Germany is making a strong effort to have its team one of the best. There are thousands of athletes training throughout the country for the coming meeting. However, I do not think the Germans will go far as a team. Last summer they had a meet with Sweden and Finland and were beaten, to their great surprise, by the Swedes. They will have strong competitors in Woelke in the shot put, Stock in the javelin, Schroder in the discus, and Sievert in the all-round event.

I think Japan will furnish the best all-

round team of our competitors. They had a team in Europe last summer and I was surprised at the progress they have made. There was not the sameness about their athletes that is true in most countries in Europe. The Japanese have taken the best styles in all the events but not only one style. They fit the style to the athlete and not the athlete to the style. It looked like a group of American athletes, which could not be said of any country in Europe. The only trouble which they might experience is the long trip to Berlin, losing condition on the way.

It will be a great meet, the greatest ever. But the thing which most concerns me is, where will my fellows stand?

# Are Your Eyes Right?

(Continued from page 25)

sleepiness. Many a man is charged with being a dull, unintelligent codger when all that really ails him is a need for glasses. Without the glasses, his eyelids get physically tired, they droop down over his eyes, first thing he knows he is fast asleep. And if the boss comes along at just that moment, the poor sleepy wretch may be fired for what the boss considers loafing, but what is really the employe's carelessness about having the right glasses. Again, the unrecognized eyestrain resultant upon this poor vision sometimes frays the victim's nerves and disposition. Many a husband, many a wife, could avoid the divorce courts and instead live in conjugal bliss at the cost of one pair of glasses. On the potential benefits to be had in the field of domestic happiness alone, every middle-aged couple should go hand in hand to the oculist every year—it might be a fitting way to celebrate their wedding anniversary.

There is another whole class of eye troubles which come not from the causes outlined above, but rather as consequences of bodily ailments in entirely different regions. And the ailments which cause these impairments of the eye are much more frequent above forty than before. High blood pressure, kidney diseases, heart conditions all bring with them the need for attention to the eyes. These illnesses are rare in young people. From the onset of middle age they are more common, and when they are encountered in the forms which affect the eyes, this means that the eyes require skilled attention. Once more let me emphasize that the grave is not yawning for us the moment we pass forty. Many a man has lived for fifty years with high blood pressure or a heart murmur, with diabetes or Bright's Disease, only to be taken off be-

fore his time by a hit-and-run motor truck driver, on his ninetieth birthday. But—if a man has any of these troubles, he had likewise better realize that they often call for optical attention, and so go to his eye doctor to see just what his situation is.

Closely related are the distinctive eye ailments which come generally in association with bodily ailments, though the eye trouble may be the one which first brings the patient to a doctor's notice. Glaucoma, for instance, is an important cause of adult blindness, and one which after it reaches a certain stage does not yield to any treatment so far known to medical science. Glaucoma is primarily a maladjustment of the pressure inside the eyeball; when this pressure becomes greater inside than in the normal state glaucoma sets in. Eventually it causes the optic nerve to die. Glaucoma is not easily recognized except by an eye specialist, and is usually unknown to the victim until it has made a great deal of progress. Ordinarily it comes with, and probably as a result of, some such disease as high blood pressure or other impairment of the circulatory system. (It has been defined as a sick eye in a sick body.) If the patient is seeing an eye doctor periodically, say once a year, this eye condition will be recognized at an early stage, traced back to the bodily ailment which is bringing it, and this bodily ailment treated. If the bodily ill is halted in time, the glaucoma is likely to disappear or at least to progress no further.

Likewise with cataract, that forming of an opaque layer which cuts down eyesight and if untreated brings blindness. This is usually thought of as a disease of very old age, but actually it occurs not too rarely soon after forty. Just the other

day I operated on a man of forty-eight to remove a double cataract. Cataract comes from toxic conditions like diabetes, and other causes. If you are going to your oculist regularly, he will—assuming that he is competent—catch this condition at a very early stage, and in cooperation with your physician probably put a stop to it by curing the ailment which it is coming from.

As a matter of fact, I honestly believe that as a sort of insurance of general health, a periodic eye examination by a good man is to be recommended. People should, of course, have periodic health examinations. If they would go to be looked over thoroughly, checked inside and out, x-rayed and blood-tested, thumped and poked and listened to, most of their ailments would be discovered in the incipient stages and halted before accomplishing much damage. But the sad fact is that most people simply will not do this. It takes time, costs money, is a lot of bother in a busy life. So they do nothing about it, and are tremendously astonished when some acute pain takes them to the doctor and he announces a chronic condition which has been at work for years. This is lamentable. They should go for regular health examinations. But human nature being what it is—which seems to be about the same as it was back when Socrates was a boy—they do not.

They can, however, be educated to come to the oculist for periodic eye examinations. I have dozens of patients who appear at just about the same time every year for no other reason than a check-up of their eyes. And many of them obtain from this eye examination benefits which are entirely unexpected to them.

Any eye man who has had a lot of



experience develops an ability to suspect or even clearly recognize from eye conditions certain general conditions. You already have a clue to how it is done. A cataract may point toward diabetes. Glaucoma leads to a check-up of heart and arteries. There are dozens of similar hook-ups. But to find them, the eye man must have an opportunity to make a thorough eye examination.

How easily such a sign-post may go unnoticed was graphically demonstrated to me one day last summer. One week-end, at the golf club up in Michigan where I have my summer home, a friend and I were playing together. Suddenly he held his hand over one eye and called to me that he could not see out of it. The sun was so bright that the pupil was contracted down to a pinpoint opening, and I could see nothing inside the eye without an instrument. We hurried into town, I got an ophthalmoscope—a gadget for looking deep into the eye—and found that his vision had been blocked off by a hemorrhage right at the one point where it would cut off the vision. Such a hemorrhage must have come from a blood vessel dilated from high blood pressure. We took his blood pressure. Sure enough, it was so high that it must have taken some years to get to this point. My friend has since regained about 50 percent of vision in that eye, and I doubt whether he will ever get much more. If only he had come to me, or to any other experienced eye specialist, for an examination in any of the intervening years, we should certainly have seen the dilated blood vessels, have thus caught the high blood pressure, and have turned him over to a physician who would reduce it for him.

So we have these three major reasons why you should go to a good oculist—which means a physician specializing in the eye—once a year from forty on. First, the physical changes in the eye which are inherent in middle and old age and which, if not optically compensated by corrective lenses, may cause permanent damage to the eyesight. Second, the changes in the eye which accompany some of the bodily ailments which are more likely to be encountered once middle age has been reached. Third, the general disabilities which a competent eye doctor will find on thorough examination of the eyes, thus getting the patient into the hands of physicians and/or surgeons to treat these disabilities before they have progressed to a dangerous stage.

If space permitted, I could go into a good many other points of importance in caring for the eyes after middle age is upon us. For example, good lighting—which means adequate in quantity, proper in quality, and so forth. Young eyes can stand a lot of abuse. As we get older, we simply cannot take it. We have to make allowances for our age. We have to admit that we are no longer so young as we were in 1918—and then do something about it.

# A Real Mint Julep

**HOW TO MAKE IT**

In a separate container, mix 1 tablespoon white pulverized sugar and 2½ tablespoons water; press 3 or 4 sprigs of fresh mint in the sugar and water until mint is extracted. Now add 1½ wineglasses of ★ ★ ★ Hennessy, then pour mixture into tall glass nearly filled with ice shaved fine. Place sprigs of mint in the ice so the leaves will be on top. Relax and enjoy yourself.

**For a long cool drink to take the temper out of temperature, try a Mint Julep made with Three-Star Hennessy.**

★ ★ ★ **84 PROOF**

# HENNESSY

## COGNAC BRANDY

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY  
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



# Unfinished Business

(Continued from page 15)

here. And you," he indicated the cook. "Monsieur, you lead. I'll carry him."

Pavie took a lamp from the mantel above the kitchen stove and picked up the long iron poker from the hearth. As he started toward the dining room, the cook said, "This service stairway, it is shorter." She opened a narrow door on the left of the pantry. By the light of Pavie's lamp, Breen saw a steep stairway rising inside of it. It was narrow, to carry a man in one's arms.

He was leaning over to pick Ruban up when the gardener and the girl came back. Merseau was carrying an old-fashioned long barreled revolver and the girl an automatic pistol, short nosed and Spanish looking.

She handed it to Breen.

"THERE are plenty of others in the gun room," she told him. "It's loaded. And one shell in the chamber."

"Thanks," he said, and slipped it into his coat pocket. "When you get to town, stop at the inn. The Lion d'Or. There's a man named Kernan there. My driver. I want him. Tell him to bring his car and step on it." He slid his arms under Ruban's limp back and picked him up carefully.

Pavie led the way, holding the small lamp overhead. The light was feeble against the stone walls. The stairs were damp and a chill breeze blew down the well like a draft out of a cold cellar. It smelled musty as a cellar, too. The smell, the timid light, the slow crooked shadows gave unreality to the place and Breen mounted uncomfortably. There was, he understood, no more doing as he pleased. He couldn't leave the village tomorrow now if he wanted to. He was caught, whether he liked it or not, in all the trouble that would follow here.

In the upper corridor at the left, the cook fumbled with a latch, and Pavie, like a solemn fat silent judge, marched into a room, holding his lamp overhead. The cook, starting to sob again, jerked down the red coverlet and a thick quilted comforter on the bed.

"Here," she breathed hoarsely, "place the poor man on his own pillow."

The room was sparsely furnished. Breen saw it all instantly, with the eye for detail that was a part of him . . . a huge black bed under a crucifix on the wall, a dark oak dressing table with comb and brush and candle and nothing else on it, and two small, stiff chairs with rush seats. The floor was of stone, without rug or carpet, and the two windows, which looked out on the front of the castle, were heavily shuttered.

But through them, Breen, lowering his burden, could hear Pavie's car kicking up gravel in the driveway.

Ruban moaned as he sank into the soft feathers. Madame Pavie stepped forward and drew the coverlet up to his chin.

"Get more towels and hot water," she told the cook with sudden decision. "At least we can be ready for the doctor."

"Don't go downstairs alone," Breen warned.

Pavie's nose twitched and this time he agreed. "Positively," he said without inflection, "we must remain together."

Breen lighted the candle, burning his finger as he did so. "I can get on to Henry now," he said.

Ruban stirred.

"Henry?" he repeated weakly. "Then Henry . . . he is . . . alive?"

"Hope so," Breen replied.

He stepped out quickly into the corridor. He hoped so, but he didn't believe it. Henry's breath had been too short, minutes ago now, when Ruban first screamed.

For a moment he had difficulty locating his own room. The passage made two turns before he reached the top of the broad stone stair which led downward to the entrance hall. Then, beyond the stair, he saw the table with the candle burning on it that he had touched a match to when he first discovered Henry on the floor. He was at the lighted doorway of his own room immediately.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, breathing hard. "Well, by George!"

Relief raced through him. Henry was conscious. As Breen entered, he turned his head. He was bleeding less freely. But his face, naturally white, wore a bluish tint, and his mutton chop whiskers were matted with blood from the wounds on his head.

"Hello!" Breen cried.

Henry stared at him, and compressed his lips.

"WE'VE sent for a doctor," Breen said. He pulled up a chair beside a bed. This would be a good chance to find out a few things. He asked, "Who hit you, Henry?"

The man answered, "My 'ead . . . the beggar broke my 'ead!"

"He hit the count, too," Breen revealed. "Knocked him out."

Henry painfully lifted a hand. "You say 'e 'it the count?" he whispered. Disbelief spread across his pale, thin face. "Oh, no, sir! Begging your pardon, sir! 'Ow. . . ."

The hand dropped back and his voice trailed off. Mistrust filled his eyes . . . definite mistrust.

"Of me!" Breen thought. "Now, why . . . ?"

The servant had not mistrusted him a

little while ago. He had been on the point, just before he was hit, of confiding in him.

"Same bird must have hit you both," Breen said.

He told him, as briefly as he could, what had happened. Henry said nothing. Apparently meant to say nothing. Breen leaned over to loosen his shoes. But at once the man resisted.

"No," he said. "No!"

Breen sat down. He could delay here for a minute. The count had attention; plenty of it. What had come over this fellow? His whole manner, expression, everything indicated now that he would refuse to talk . . . to Breen, at least. Maybe when Renard came. . . .

He heard a car returning. It was speeding, with engine wide open, up the steep grade to the castle gate. It halted with a groan of brakes, and in a moment Breen heard the insistent thumping of the iron knocker on the door.

"Just a minute," he told Henry.

He ran down to the door himself. Kernan was standing there scowling, his broad, florid face redder than usual, his eyes wide with astonishment.

"FOR gosh sakes, what you went and done now?" he demanded. "Can't I leave you out of my sight a minute before you get mixed up from hell to breakfast in a murder?"

"Not a murder," Breen said quickly. "Come in here."

He crossed the entrance hall and paused near the foot of the stair. "Get this lay-out," he said. "That's the living room in there," he pointed to the thick hangings in the doorway. "That's the dining room. Kitchen and pantry on other side . . . through that door. There's an outside door to the courtyard, from the pantry. Over here . . . let's see. Yes, this door must be it."

He picked up one of the tall candlesticks from the table near the stair, lighted it, and pushed open the door. As he figured, this was the gun room, with weapons hung on racks around the walls. The place smelled of old leather and dust and oil and metal.

"Find yourself a gun," Breen said. "You may need it." He opened a chest of drawers. "Here are cartridges." He examined his own weapon for the first time. It was all right. He'd never seen one quite like it, but that didn't matter.

"You stay downstairs here," he told Kernan. "I've got to get back up. No telling what will happen next. Circulate around and keep your ears open."

Kernan looked critically at the walls. "Yeh," he said, "keep 'em open for the sound of a shot aimed at me, I suppose. I told you I didn't hanker after castles."



"It's no time to talk! I said take a gun!"

Kernan released a short barreled revolver from its hook, expertly tossed the cylinder out of place, and glanced at the point of the firing pin.

"I can't put my heart into nothing except a shotgun," he complained. "Shotguns, they got authority. This'll do in a pinch, though."

"Here comes the other car," Breen cried.

The priest, Brigadier Renard and young Preux arrived, with the girl still at the wheel. The priest went upstairs at once, while Renard established a guard. He ordered Pavie to stand at the main door, Merseau the gardener at the pantry entry, and sent Preux out into the grounds.

Kernan he eyed mistrustfully. The driver, reading his thoughts, said, "Nobody can pin anything on me, old whiskers."

"We shall see," Renard promised. "Tell me, how does my brave friend, the sergeant, choose such a vagabond as you for companion?"

A malicious grin widened Kernan's mouth.

"Won't we have fun, me and the police!" he said.

His words reached Pavie at the door. The little Frenchman turned silently and looked at Kernan. His face, commonly without expression, showed a glint of approval. But it vanished at once, and again without words, he unlocked the door and admitted the doctor.

He was a young man, properly bearded. His name was Juste.

"Oh, come upstairs, right away!" Pavie's American sister-in-law called.

The doctor went up. Breen motioned to Renard.

"Ho, and don't I know whom to hunt!" the brigadier cried triumphantly when Breen finished talking. "If all crimes were as easy as this. . ."

Breen shook his head. "You're wrong," he replied. "This isn't easy. Both the count and the servant were hit from behind. They hadn't a chance to see who or what. . ."

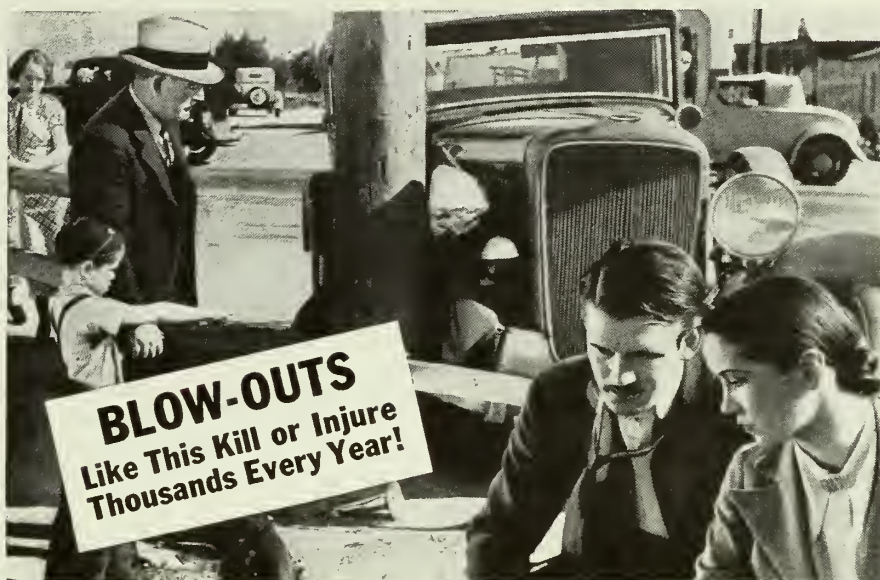
"But who but one in our village is savage enough to do such a thing?"

"Oh, come," Breen argued. "There might be many."

"In my village!" Renard shouted.

Breen slit open a fresh package of cigarettes and tossed the pack to Kernan. He had told enough. He hadn't mentioned Lascher's face in the window, and for the life of him he didn't know why. Except that from the minute he found the English servant up there crawling on the hall floor, something . . . some queer sense of restraint such as he never had felt before in his life . . . had told him not to jump at conclusions. He had a part to play here on this set. It didn't call for impulse. He was guilty of impulse too often. But the years since he accused Lascher (Continued on page 48)

# STOP. LOOK. READ!



## HOW EXCLUSIVE GOODRICH INVENTION PROTECTS YOU FROM BLOW-OUTS!

**T**HE purpose of this picture is to make you realize how vitally important tires are to motoring safety. Don't make the mistake of ignoring the danger of blow-outs. At today's high speeds blistering heat is generated *inside* the tire. Unknown to you, rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms—and grows and GROWS! Sooner or later, and without warning—BANG! A terrifying BLOW-OUT! You can't steer! You can't stop! You're in the hands of Fate.

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*The new* **Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown**  
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection



# Unfinished Business

(Continued from page 47)

of those other crimes had taught him to look for plausibility, at least. He still thought the man guilty of those murders. And probably, in some mysterious fashion, he had contrived this business tonight. Though how, physically, Breen had no idea. But the scene needed more details. It didn't look right just yet. Wouldn't act.

"I suppose you do have sneak-thieves, second-story men, burglars, whatever you want to call them, here in some parts of France, whether they live in Timon-sur-Huisne or not?" he asked the brigadier.

RENARD unfastened his blouse, which was straining the buttons at his waist. "I repeat," he said exasperatedly, "there are none in my village." He started toward the stair. "Cook!" he called.

The old woman curtsied.

"Bring me a brandy," Renard ordered.

He drank it in two swallows, the first slowly, anticipating the taste; the second quickly, as if he had failed to like it. "Bah! That is not the count's best," he complained, giving her back the cup. "Small wonder no good man has ever married you!"

"Me, I'm ready to go back to the sweet old U. S. A. and leave the first woman that comes along marry me!" Kernan said. He had lighted one of Breen's cigarettes and was returning toward the gun room when Preux, the gendarme, rushed in through the front door.

"The brigadier!" he shouted. "Where is the brigadier?"

"What is it now?" Renard demanded.

"Just this moment . . . in the shrubbery near the main gate, monsieur," he began, but Renard interrupted impatiently.

"What . . . tell me, boy . . . what?"

"I had stepped into the darker shadow. There . . . on the ground . . . a few paces off the driveway, monsieur. . . ."

"Yes, yes, of course," Renard thundered. "A few paces. This assassin? You found him?"

"No, monsieur. I found a man. He is dead."

## Chapter Five

SILENCE spread like a cold cloud over the entry hall. Young Preux stood stiffly in his tight uniform, his slim long shadow stretching out thinly on the flagstone floor behind him. Renard, shocked and stunned by the news, had halted suddenly on the bottom step of the stairway and bulked there like an overfed Buddha in red breeches. Only his mustaches and his eyes moved. The mustaches lifted and fell with his heavy breathing, and his eyes rolled from Preux to Breen, and back again to Preux.

Breen's own feet were leaden. He saw the cook, returning from the kitchen with two more glasses of brandy . . . for whom, he never was to know. She halted as if struck, and Pavie, by the outer door, coughed nervously. After that, silence settled more tightly. It fitted the hall like the noise-proof blimp of a camera, and then, like a shot exploding from the gun room, Kernan yelled: "Well, who is it dead? What's the matter with y'? Y' all going to stand there like a bunch of mugs?"

He burst out scornfully among them, weapon ready in his hand. His eyes, usually blank, this time were angry. He pushed Pavie roughly aside where he stood guard and stormed out through the door, cursing.

"Watch yourself!" Breen shouted after him. He managed to jerk his own feet loose from the floor. "Doctor!" he called, running toward the stairs. "Doctor!"

Renard still did not move. He wiped his face with the back of his hand but the dazed expression did not come off. "A dead man?" he mustered enough voice to repeat. He spoke slowly in French and the words clung to his tongue and he seemed to have to pry them off. "A dead man . . . you say . . . in the garden? No!"

"But yes! Near the gate!" Preux cried in an agitated voice. His feet moved back and forth, eager to follow Kernan. "Come, monsieur, come. I will show you, monsieur. . . ."

"Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!" breathed the cook.

Her long, horsey face grew longer with the seconds. Her tray tipped forward. Finally, unable to stand more suspense, she dropped it with a clatter. The glasses smashed on the floor and the liquor made a small dark pool about her feet. She looked down bewilderedly at it, then threw her convenient apron over her head and shrieked.

Her scream put action into Renard's legs at last. He crossed quickly toward her in long, waddling steps. Murder, attacks in the dark, such mystery as he had not encountered in years . . . in the face of these he might hesitate, but certainly not before a shrieking woman. He knew the remedy for them and applied it vigorously.

"Cease!" he bade, and began to pound her violently on the top of the head with his large knuckles. She stopped screaming as suddenly as she had begun. "Must you waste brandy, good or bad, on the floor?" he demanded. He threw back his shoulders, and his unbuttoned tunic spread open a full foot across his expansive middle. "Come, show me," he bade Preux. "Show me this cadaver!"

"Where?" the doctor demanded, com-

ing down the stairs at Breen's heels. "Where?"

Breen was following the three through the open door when the American girl's voice, from the top of the stair, halted him.

"What now?" she demanded. "What was the noise?"

Breen turned back. He tried to make his voice unconcerned. "Something wrong outside," he said.

She was leaning over the balustrade near the top step. He was reminded again, incongruously, of how pretty she was.

"Something . . . else?" she demanded.

"Shut the door," Breen told Pavie. He waited at the foot of the stairway for the girl to come down. He needn't follow the others. Anxiety urged him to, but he needn't yield to it. He had a pretty good idea who was dead out there. Pavie closed the door almost gently. He wiped his forehead, then, and Breen, looking at him, saw that in spite of the chilly night, the man was perspiring.

"What's happened?" the girl demanded. She turned on Pavie. "Geoffroi, what has happened?"

"More violence," Pavie answered. "While Renard loafs inside. I warned you. Police talk, but do nothing."

He wiped his face again, and Breen had an inkling. This extraordinary calm might not be real, at all. He was as unfriendly to the police as Kernan was, but his taciturnity toward everybody else, his peculiar silence and refusal to talk, might be just fright. The man might be scared as much as anything, holding himself in from fear.

"HOW about . . . the other two?" Breen asked the girl, and pointed upward.

"Concussions. Both of them. And on Henry's part, the doctor says, shock. What kind of violence outside, Geoffroi?"

"We don't know, exactly," Breen said. "But . . . I tell you, Miss . . . Anne." He couldn't remember her last name. "You stay here a minute, will you? Here with your brother and the cook?" The woman, still sobbing, was picking up broken glass from the floor. "Right here?" Breen repeated. "All together? I'll be back as soon as I can."

The girl nodded. He saw the surprise and the question in her eyes, but she didn't ask anything more. There wasn't any acting in her, he told himself. She was forthright. He'd believe anything she told him. Among all these people, some of whom he couldn't understand or, understanding, couldn't trust, she alone was reassuring.

He went quickly through the dining-room, where the candles still burned on



the table. Their light, which had been festive when they first were kindled, seemed cold now. They didn't remind him of good wine, or of a rich dinner either. He did feel a hard, tight knot in the pit of his stomach, but it wasn't hunger. Fear, on his part too, more likely. Excitement, certainly. It had been long since he had felt either. But who *was* it, dead? Lascher? He suspected so, strongly. But who could have killed him? Who else had been prowling outside? Had he killed himself?

In his haste, Breen stumbled against a chair, and rubbing his knee, laughed. This night couldn't be true. The whole thing was a situation out of one of those scripts he had photographed a thousand times. Events like these didn't happen in real life. Couldn't happen. Wasn't that one of the reasons he had left Hollywood? Such monstrosities had birth only in the flogged brains of Hollywood's hack writers.

Old Merseau, the gardener, stood guard inside the pantry door. He had taken the precaution to bolt and chain it.

"Are there any other doors to this place, besides this and the front one?" Breen demanded.

"Only in the ancient portions," Merseau answered, pointing with his elbow. "And they are locked and barred. No human can possibly enter that part."

Breen started to let down the chain, but the old man snatched at his arm.

"There is someone out there!" he cautioned. "Ten minutes ago, I have myself heard him."

"Then maybe I'll find him," Breen answered.

He pulled the bolt and stepped out into the courtyard. The door slapped shut after him. Immediately he heard the bolt slide once more shut and the rattle of the chain. Merseau was taking no chances.

Breen paused a moment, his back tight against the old stone wall of the castle. If the others had run to the front gate, it might be well for him to scout around here a moment. But he could see nothing. Clouds shut out the sky, absorbing the last drop of light. It was a moment even before the silhouette of the castle began to take hazy shape against the dark heavens. Breen listened intently, fingering the gun in his pocket. There was no stir in the nearby shrubbery.

Far beyond the hills, the village clock struck eight. Breen counted, surprised when it stopped. He couldn't believe that only two hours had passed since he got down from the car here at the front door, to be welcomed by the count and his manservant. Too much had happened. He moved slowly along the wall. His eyes made out contours of the earth, gradually. Here, immediately in front of him, it spread flat, with stone flagging, but to the left it lifted sharply along the side wall of the chateau.

In that di- (Continued on page 50)



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# Unfinished Business

(Continued from page 49)

rection was his own room, where Henry now lay. Yes, there was the narrow, dimly lighted window. It seemed low, though, for the upper floor. The ground must rise there, sharply.

He proceeded to a point beneath the window. Yes, the sill was just above his head. If he wished, he could pull himself up to it and peer into the room, just as Lascher had done, little more than an hour ago.

He paused, listening. Still there was no sign of movement in the darkness, no breath of sound. He went on, cautiously, hugging the side of the house. He paused again, before he turned its corner; once around it, increased his pace.

A STEEP terrace dropped away in front of him to the driveway. In a clump of shrubbery, near what must be the main gate, he saw the brief flare of an electric flashlight, heard low, cautious voices. He walked rapidly toward the light.

Gravel crunched under his feet.

"Who's that?" Kernan shouted.

He ran forward, recognizing Breen; at once began to complain profanely and bitterly.

"Cops!" he cried. "Whole place full of 'em and they leave this happen! Right under their nose! Draw their pay and let a guy get coughed off while they're standin' 'round! What'll I tell her, boss? How'll I tell her?"

"Tell who?" Breen demanded, and took half a dozen quick steps forward.

Gendarme Preux stood with his heels together, holding the flashlight as stiffly as if he were on inspection. Renard, on his hands and knees, made a huge mound of shadow. Breen peered down, over his massive shoulder. The doctor was working on someone who lay at the edge of the bushes.

Breen exclaimed: "Broussard!"

The man who sprawled there was the doddering old husband of Madame Broussard and father of the dark-eyed Fifi of Hotel de Lion d'Or. Breen's first glance told him the entire story, or all of it that was really important at the moment. Broussard was dead. He had been killed by a blow on the head. That was horribly evident.

"Well," Kernan growled. "What about it? Was I right or was I right! I said, 'Murder' when I come tonight!"

"Keep still!" Breen bade sharply. "I want to think."

But he couldn't think, for the amazing horror of it. Broussard. Not Lascher. He had been almost sure it was Lascher the gendarme had found. He hadn't even hurried out, he felt so sure. Where was Lascher, then? And why Broussard? What was he doing here? And who would want to kill him?

"I will call the priest," Preux whispered. "I'll go," Breen said quickly. "You stay here. Come, Kernan."

He hurried, almost ran, the shortest way. He was thinking: In the house are two women, three with the cook, and only Pavie, a questionable protector, and the gardener to give them a hand in case something else follows on the heels of this. And it might. If Lascher were still lurking on the grounds. Renard had been right. The man was mad. And he, Breen, had doubted it. Had thought Renard was exaggerating the danger. He could blame himself now. He should have told them all that he saw Lascher peering in his window. Sent them all out immediately to hunt him.

But wait, wait! That was not a solution. Broussard and Lascher had been friends.

"Oh!" Breen exclaimed, and then checked the sound.

But Kernan, at his heels, had caught it. "Hi!" he yelled. "What's matter?"

"Nothing," Breen answered.

But the idea that just had come to him was not impossible. Did Broussard and Lascher come here together tonight? It was possible. Even probable. They went about together a great deal. It had been madame's husband who furnished the ex-lieutenant's alibi on that other night, years ago, when Ruban's son had died; the same Broussard who just last night, in Breen's presence, taunted Renard over his failure to solve the Lascher-Ruban murders.

"Was the old man at the inn tonight?" Breen demanded of Kernan as they approached the door.

"At chow time," Kernan replied. "I was chinnin' with him, too. Told him you were out here."

"How'd you happen to do that?"

"No reason. Just happened to. He got in a stew right away. Said you shouldn't have."

"Said I shouldn't have come out here?"

"That's it."

"Why not?"

"WHY, hell, I didn't ask him. I thought he was screwy. Was talkin' to him just to play up to the gal."

"What else did he say?"

"Nothin'! Went off talkin' to himself. Fifi was in and out. Boss, this place is poison. One hundred percent!"

Breen pounded on the door. Pavie, within, did not answer.

"In, quickly," Breen shouted, and someone shot back the bolts.

It was the girl, Anne . . . he remembered her name . . . Harrison.

"Send the priest out there, will you?" Breen said.

She turned quickly and hurried up the steep stone stairs. He heard her feet running rapidly along the upper corridor and a moment later the priest was trotting down. He carried a limp cloth bag in his right hand, under his left arm his flat clerical hat. The girl was following him.

"Better stay up there a little while," Breen called to her.

"You weesh?" the priest asked in English.

Breen indicated Kernan. "This man, here, will show you. Gendarme wants you. Too late, though."

"Eet ees nevair too late," the churchman denied. "Queek . . . which way?"

To Breen's surprise he was a young priest. In the war the village curé always had been some old man; young priests were all in uniform with the army in those days. This one was not more than thirty. He had a lean face and lips almost as thin as Breen's own, and dark, closely cropped hair. There were deep lines around his eyes, however, as if they had looked upon more than one man's share of suffering.

"A GOOD guy," Breen told himself. He trusted him. That meant two . . . no, three . . . people he trusted here, the girl and the priest. And Kernan.

Of course, Kernan had a queer streak in him. Talked a lot. Too much; even while he held something or other back. But whatever that was, it didn't concern this case, and here he could trust him.

He saw that Pavie, as the churchman approached, whipped around behind his back the gun Renard had given him, and bowed a short, stiff, almost condescending bow, as if he were ashamed to be caught with a gun in his hand, and ashamed, too, to bob his head for a mere village curé. He locked the door again, after the priest and Kernan hurried out. Breen went slowly upstairs. At the top the girl was waiting.

"What was it?" she demanded.

She caught both his hands in hers, which were cool and untrembling.

"Fellow was killed out there," he said quietly. "Inn-keeper, from down town."

"Broussard?" she whispered the question.

He nodded. "You knew him?"

She shook her head. "By sight, only, and village reputation. Lazy. But honest, from what I hear. That's what they all said. Honest. Who killed him?"

He did not answer at once, then he said merely, "Suppose I say I intend to find out?"

"I'd say that you will, then."

"Thanks. You're a good fellow."

The color rose in her cheeks.

"Mighty good," he added, "for a



stranger." Her reply surprised him.

"I'm not a stranger."

"No? Not to me?"

"Maybe I am to you. But you're not to me. I've been here six months this time. The town still talks."

"Not about me!"

"Often about you." She still was whispering.

He leaned forward. "Tell me, then . . . you know the count?"

"Very well."

"Why did he invite me here?"

"Why?" She was puzzled at his meaning.

"Tonight when I came here," Breen told her quickly, "I thought . . . it was a fancy, maybe . . . but he seemed to regret his invitation."

"Oh, no!"

"He was embarrassed."

"Oh, embarrassed. That might be, yes. He is proud. Fantastically so. Sometimes that makes him self-conscious. He's old."

"This was not just being self-conscious. This was . . ."

"I know. I've seen it. But I tell you it's his pride, just the same. He's upset easily. Can't bear to have anything affect his dignity. The old-family complex. . . ."

"That, yes. I know about that. This was . . ."

He broke off. The hinges of the big outside door, in the hall below, had squealed. From the top step, Breen could see Kernan entering first, the flash-lamp in his left hand, the gun in his right. He was scowling more darkly than ever, and talking to himself. The doctor, too, was frowning. He came on upstairs at once, and Renard and Preux followed in the door. They were walking easily as they carried the spare body of madame's husband, and the priest, crucifix in hand, tramped solemnly after them.

Pavie made the sign of the cross as they passed, then quickly closed and bolted the door. As they carried the body, the two policemen hesitated, undecided what to do next, and the priest passed around them and pointed to a corner of the floor, near the bottom of the stair.

"There, my friends," he suggested.

At the same time, Renard, puffing heavily, caught a new grip on old Broussard's dead shoulders, and in doing so, pulled the shabby coat from about the thin waist. As it tore aside, something white fluttered from an inner pocket to the floor.

From Breen's height and distance, it looked like a tightly folded piece of white paper, although he could not be sure. The four men, concerned with getting the body into position, did not notice it, apparently. Breen was about to call to them, telling them that it had been dropped, when he saw Pavie approach it quickly.

"Place the poor sinner here . . . thus," the priest was (Continued on page 52)

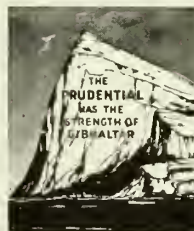
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# Unfinished Business

(Continued from page 51)

directing the men who carried him.

Kernan held the flashlight, keeping it lighted, as if the lamps did not satisfy him. Pavie bent over quickly, while Renard's and Preux's backs were turned. He looked at the others, as he picked up the paper and slipped it into his outer coat pocket, but they had not observed him. Then he backed cautiously toward his position of guard at the door.

Breen glanced quickly at the girl. Had she seen? He couldn't tell.

"I'll be in here with my sister," she said, motioning toward the count's room.

Breen nodded, and started downstairs. He saw Pavie smile sourly, and slowly bob his head.

## Chapter Six

IT WAS midnight when the doctor returned down the stair. For an hour the house had been quiet. Pavie and his wife and her sister had gone home at eleven o'clock, with Preux riding their car as guard. The girl Anne had objected to going; she had thought she might be needed here, but Pavie, her brother-in-law, had stubbornly insisted. Kernan, as soon as they were gone, had piled old Broussard's body into his own car, and with the priest beside him, had started morosely for the Hotel de Lion d'Or.

That left Breen, the doctor, old Merseau, the horsefaced cook, Brigadier Renard, and the two injured men in the castle. Now that the doors were carefully barred for the night, Breen called Merseau from his position in the pantry and set him to building up the fires on the hearths, which long ago had burned cold.

The gardener had growled at the request. He objected to giving up the importance of his vigil, for the humdrum task of making fires. But he made them, and when that was done, Breen sent the cook back to her kitchen to prepare hot coffee.

When the doctor descended the stair, Breen observed that his square, pock-marked face was set in a mask of imperturbability. Earlier Breen had called him young. He was, if Breen was himself. He might even be a few years older than Breen, maybe forty-odd; entirely bald, and with a crease across the top of his skull which might have been caused by an enemy bullet that came too close.

He had not been here in 1919, that was certain. There had been no doctor named Juste here in Timon-sur-Huisne then. Besides, a man couldn't forget a face as ugly and interesting as this.

"You are the American that has just come?" he asked Breen. "You remain here tonight? Good!"

He spoke French, but he enunciated his words so deliberately and distinctly,

choosing them for their simplicity, that a foreigner with even less knowledge of the tongue than Breen had, would easily have understood.

"How are they?" Breen asked, and pointed upward. "Asleep?"

The doctor shook his head slowly. "Not asleep. The brigadier is with the count. He and Henry both are too frightened to sleep. What occurred, exactly?" He felt in his pockets. Breen, searching his own coat, remembered. He had thrown the pack to Kernan, and Kernan, of course, had kept it.

"Sorry," Breen said.

"No matter," the doctor answered.

He listened more closely than Renard had while Breen told again of finding first Henry and the count, and he did not once interrupt. But Breen noticed how his eyes, which naturally were round and owlish, contracted involuntarily, as if a bright beam of light had been shot into them, when he referred to the death of Broussard.

"And that is . . . everything?" he demanded when Breen paused.

"Everything," Breen lied.

He had made up his mind as he watched the doctor's intelligent face. He had failed to mention Lascher at the start of the evening's events, and he would continue that omission now. He'd play it alone, for another little while. Telling of Lascher's presence earlier would not have changed matters, for he was convinced now that the American had not been at odds with Broussard.

And a queer suspicion had come over him in the last hour that, somehow, Broussard's unfortunate visit here to the castle tonight was linked to those earlier, unsolved murders . . . perhaps the mysterious attacks on the count and Henry were not; they might still be traced to a mere prowler come to fill his pockets. But Broussard's visit, yes. The old man had never given up thinking about those crimes.

For sixteen, seventeen years, Fifi had said, he had engaged in no other labor except to solve the Lascher-Ruban killings. He hated the count for even accusing Lascher; held Renard in contempt.

As for Pavie's picking up the folded paper that dropped from Broussard's body, Breen thought, he'd keep that to himself, too. It had to do with Broussard, and as such, he felt, was his own old unfinished case. This doctor had not even been here in 1919.

"That's about all," Breen added, and wondered whether he had sounded convincing. "Now what about the count? He's not badly hurt?"

The doctor started to shake his head, then he admitted: "I find very little

physically wrong. A concussion, probably. A skull fracture, no. Positively. Nothing serious . . . unless, and this, monsieur, can be serious . . . unless the poor man suffers from a horrible terror."

"Terror?" Breen repeated, and thought: Terror. Maybe that had been the trouble with the count when he, Breen, arrived tonight, and not embarrassment as he had told the girl. "Why terror?" he asked. "What's he afraid of?"

"I do not know," Doctor Juste replied. "That is for you police to discover. No? You are not a policeman?" Breen had raised his hand.

"Not now."

"Excuse me. The count called you such. No matter. The terror, perhaps it is the same which overwhelms the servant. In his case, there is no doubt. The servant is insane with fear."

"From a clout on the head? Does it usually do that to a fellow?" Breen sought now to find what the doctor knew. He asked, "Did he say how it happened?"

"He cannot even remember the event. According to his story, that is. Which is not true. In spite of his denials, he remembers. He merely fears to speak the truth. He claims that he was in your room . . ."

"That's right. He was."

"Says that he started toward the stair, after leaving you, and that the candles in the hall had been extinguished."

"Right, again. They were burning when he went in to show me my room. When I found him, they were out. But the wax was still soft and warm when I relighted one."

"He returned once to your door, he says."

BREEN nodded. So Henry had told that. "He came back and knocked."

"But," the doctor laid a finger alongside his round, pock-marked nose. "From that point forward he does not talk clearly. He confides nothing."

"Maybe there's nothing more to confide," Breen said. "When he turned back into the hall after closing my door, if the candles were out, he'd be in the dark. Wouldn't see what happened." He thought, at the same time: How, in so few minutes, could Lascher have got into the house from outside Breen's window, attacked Henry, slipped down the back way to the courtyard, and there assaulted the count?

"For what reason," the doctor asked, "did Henry return to your room after once leaving it?"

Suspicion as well as curiosity colored his voice. His wide, owlish eyes were staring, unblinking, into Breen's face.

"I don't know," Breen admitted,



truthfully. "He just came back and started to say something, and then . . . well, he seemed to decide not to talk after all."

"And did what?"

"Just excused himself again. Backed out and closed the door after him. You're right about it. He was scared, even then. I planned to ask him later in the evening what was wrong."

"You . . . ah . . . didn't happen to hear him when he was struck?"

Breen looked up quickly. Had the man stressed that word "happen" ever so little?

"Not a sound. He didn't yell. Didn't even make a noise when he dropped. It wasn't until I started down to dinner that I found him."

The doctor changed the subject.

"You will stay here tonight?"

"Of course," Breen agreed. "I came originally to stay all night."

"Very well. I go to my home. In the morning I shall return. It would be wise for you to look in on both the count and Henry once or twice in the night. Keep fresh candles burning in their rooms. They will not wish to be left in the dark."

The doctor picked up his small handbag and put on his broad hat. At the same time Brigadier Renard panted down from the bedrooms.

"One moment," he pleaded. "My assistant, the young Preux, will return immediately, and will escort you home."

"No, no, do not worry about me," the doctor said, unbolting the door. "Keep Preux here when he comes, to help you." He turned full around. "Has anyone observed the American Lascher here about tonight?" he demanded, looking from Renard to Breen.

Breen did not meet his eye. He let the brigadier answer.

"If I only *could* see the scoundrel!" Renard panted, opening and closing his fat hands.

"And you, Monsieur Breen?"

The wise, owlish eyes were taking him in. They reminded Breen of the lenses of a pair of motion picture cameras, registering impressions on the doctor's active mind.

"Lascher may have been here, of course," Breen answered. "Who knows?"

The doctor blinked once. Breen knew that he didn't believe him. He thought, perhaps a man in his profession learns to know acting when he sees it, just as a movie photographer does.

"Very well," the medico turned up his coat collar and stepped out into the darkness. "Good night."

Breen saw him disappear into the driveway, heard his feet crunching gravel for a moment, and that was all. He closed the door and bolted it, almost, he thought, as solemnly as Pavie had done all evening.

Renard said, "I pray the sacred saints to spare him! Walking alone! No, no! It is too dangerous!"

But he made (Continued on page 54)

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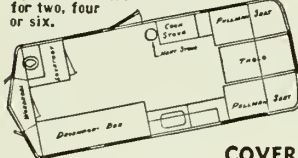
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# Unfinished Business

(Continued from page 53)

no move to stop him from going away.

Gendarme Preux returned soon after. Breen did not ask him what had transpired at the inn. He knew. The startled madame and the loving Fifi had wept loud and long, not grasping, so suddenly, the complete extent of their loss. And Kernan had sworn. Also loud. And considerably.

The brigadier immediately set off with his young assistant for the village.

"And before I take one mouthful of food," Renard promised as he left, "before I take one mouthful, my friend, I shall have my chains upon this scoundrel of a Lascher."

Some of the braggadocio had left him. He sounded stubborn and determined. Breen sped him on.

"I hope you do," he answered truthfully.

The rest of the night passed quietly. Twice Breen visited the upstairs rooms. Both times he found the count sitting up in bed, with the quilts pulled tightly around his neck, and half a dozen candles burning bravely in the room. But if he suffered from fear now, he did not show it. At least so Breen thought.

RATHER, he seemed confused, trying to piece together the events of the night. As soon as Breen entered, he demanded that he tell him in detail just what had occurred. He listened, and when Breen was done, shook his head.

He seemed entirely willing to talk himself; more, even, than Breen thought good for him. After Pavie and the two women arrived, he explained, he had gone to the kitchen to fetch a bottle of Pavie's favorite brandy. In passing the pantry door, he thought he heard someone approaching in the courtyard. The cook was busy at the stove, and no one else was in that portion of the house. Thinking that perhaps Merseau was coming to the door on some errand, he had opened it.

A man was standing concealed in the shadows there, he said; as he stepped out, the fellow brought a heavy scantling down upon his head and immediately ran.

"A scantling?" Breen asked.

"So it felt."

"You did not see it?"

"With my eyes, no. With my mind, yes. I felt it. A scantling."

"You didn't even see him?"

"No, I did not observe his features," the old man admitted. "However, his size . . . it seemed from his size he must not be French. He is too big."

"You're pretty large yourself," Breen said, "and you're French."

"Moi? Ah, yes. But I," he tried to straighten his shoulders in the bed, "I

am unusual, I am a Ruban. Even my son was not large."

"It was a man. And big. That's all you know?"

"Big, that's all. Like you."

"Well," Breen said, "it wasn't I." But it came to him sharply that he might have to take the trouble to prove it, before this business was over.

The count was apologetic at once.

"No, no, mon sergent," he insisted weakly. "I do not hint that. You know I do not."

That was all he could or would tell. Breen couldn't be sure that he wasn't concealing something. Although he didn't act like it. Even his queer manner of the dinner-hour was gone. He not only was politely regretful, as a host, for what had happened, but what, he asked, would the household have done without Sergeant Breen's help?

Breen wondered, himself.

He left the count and went on to Henry.

Henry did not talk at all. He was awake each time, Breen thought, when he entered, but immediately shammed sleep. So that Breen could not talk, either. However, the man was frightened, as the doctor had emphasized. His drawn face proved that. He was even more frightened than Count de Ruban was confused.

Breen kept up the fires until dawn, when the cook, who had been sleeping in a chair in the kitchen, and Merseau, who had curled up like a dog on the carpet at the top of the main stairway, arose stiffly and began to stir about preparing breakfast.

With the dawn, too, Brigadier Renard returned in Kernan's car.

Kernan was driving. The brigadier apologized, and admitted defeat. Lascher was not in the town. Other gendarmes, in surrounding villages, were seeking him now. He would be found soon. In the meantime, he asked, forgetting his pledge of the night before, what had been done here in the kitchen about breakfast?

Kernan was moody.

"Here I am," he said. "I ain't in my grave yet myself, but no tellin' when I will be. Talk about runnin' into direct action! You start off the casualties. Look at you! You're a sight yet! And bing bang, before we get the mud out our eyes, we have one stiff and two wounded! That gal took it awful hard, boss."

"I SUSPECT so," Breen said. "Who does she think killed him?"

"The count," Kernan answered at once.

"The count? Killed Broussard?"

"That's it."

"Give me back some of my cigarettes

you took last night, Kernan," Breen said. He lighted one, conscious of disappointment. He had been hoping, counting almost, that Fifi or old madame would know something of value. He took a deep puff. "She's what you call one hundred percent wrong," he said. "The count was already in bed with his head tied up when Broussard was killed."

"I just telling you," Kernan retorted. "That's what Fifi says and she's a smart gal. Her old man's been going around for years saying he knows who killed those other two people . . . the case you D. C. I.'s handled so brilliant . . . and the count never did like him. Never since he showed an alibi for Lascher."

"The reasoning's all right," Breen admitted, "but the facts prove it wrong. Maybe Lascher killed Broussard. Has Fifi thought of that? It's possible."

"They was buddies, boss!"

"I know. Maybe they fell out."

"They didn't."

"Does Fifi know that for sure?"

"I ain't asked her. Don't have to. I heard her old man defendin' that baby, same time you did."

"Did you ask her this, possibly? Did Broussard leave home alone last night or with someone?"

"Alone," Kernan answered promptly. "Oh, I asked her a few things. I ain't a smart cop, but I ain't drove a hack all over Brooklyn for nothing, either. She swears Lascher hasn't been around the inn since the night we come to town."

"Her father have any enemies that she knows of?"

"Lots."

"Who?"

"The count, I tell you, for one. Old Whiskers, for two."

"You mean *Renard*?" Breen gasped.

"Sure, I mean Renard. Do y' think any cop wants to get sassed the way Broussard always sassed him?"

"You're hipped on the subject of cops, Kernan."

"Mebbe. I got a right. I've done business with 'em." Breen looked up at him quickly. "You tell *me*, now," the driver was going on. "Where's the club or rock or what have you that hit the poor devil? I looked there in the grass right away. There wasn't a sign of anything."

"The answer to that is, whoever hit him took whatever he used on with him."

"All right. What was the old man comin' up here for anyway? After gettin' all hot and bothered over your comin'?"

Breen threw away the cigarette. "I don't know, Kernan," he admitted. "I'm not much of a detective any more,



I guess. Just a plain photographer. Who hasn't even had time to take pictures."

But Kernan wasn't interested in pictures. He wanted to know at once how long they might be likely to stay here.

"Suppose we go tomorrow," Breen said, testing him. He expected a jocular answer. But instead Kernan was almost surly.

"Suppose y' go alone, then," he replied.

But Breen did not even return to the inn that week. The count begged him to stay at the castle and there was no doubt now about his sincerity. Breen sent to the inn for more clothes, and for two nights kept awake until morning. But nothing happened; nothing to trouble their security further, nor to point to a solution of any of the crimes.

Breen went quietly about his own investigation. He listened to the cook's gossip, and to Merseau's, putting away every scrap in his mind. He searched the grounds carefully, by himself, for some evidence that might have been overlooked. There was nothing. With Merseau's help, without the count knowing it, he went through the old portion of the castle, section by section. He discovered nothing there, either. He had been through it all in 1919. The rooms were as beautiful as then, as airless, empty and dirty.

One question, however, occupied his mind most. How was the luckless old Broussard tied to his own unfinished case? He must have been. Otherwise his appearance here at the count's gate was too much of a coincidence. In all these years of doing nothing else except try to solve the Lascher-Ruban killings, Fifi had said, her father must have procured considerable information, must he not? She might be right. If so, was what Broussard had learned going to be buried with him? Or had he learned anything?

Breen stopped thinking about it, the second afternoon, and got out his camera. He was in the courtyard, photographing the north section of the roof at an acute angle, when Anne Harrison drove up from the town in her own small car.

He had not seen her since the eventful night. She jumped out, calling, "Hello, fellow countryman!" in a familiar manner, and asked to see his camera.

He showed it to her, in all its fine points, but he didn't mention Hollywood, or for that matter, Ruban, until she finally said, "Well, how are you getting on, Mr. Detective, unearthing our local secrets?"

"Not at all," he said.

"Do you know," she asked, "that there hadn't been any excitement in this village for sixteen years until you came back?"

"Trouble, you mean. Not excitement."

She smiled broadly. "Oh, bien, I stand corrected! I've heard others call it that, too."

"Your brother-in-law among them?" Breen demanded.

She looked just a trifle disconcerted.

"My brother-in-law is a very peculiar man," she said, and Breen caught a faint touch of hesitancy. "It wasn't I who married him."

"How very lucky," Breen said.

"You are not flattering, sir!"

"Lucky for you . . . and others, I mean."

He had planned to talk seriously to her if chance offered; to ask, had she seen Pavie pick up the slip of paper that night in the hall? But the question wasn't easy to put when the opportunity came. If the answer touched her sister, in any way, how would she take it? He had stubbed his toe more than once on family loyalties, and also, if she hadn't seen Pavie pick it up, would he be showing his own hand?

He hadn't made up his mind yet whether to ask her or not, when she suddenly said: "Tell me, you're really not afraid to stay here?"

"Afraid!" he exclaimed. "Why should I be afraid? Who'd have anything in for me?"

"Wel-l-I," she considered the question doubtfully. "I'm a ridiculous coward, I guess," she decided finally. "Is it true the count's offering a reward?"

"A thousand francs."

"For proof of who hit him?"

"THAT'S it. Want to earn it?" "I might," she said.

He realized suddenly that she wasn't jesting. She asked again, "Really, why do you stay here? It'd be much safer if you . . ."

"Why, my dear young lady," he protested. "I thought you were joking before."

"I'm not. I'm very serious. You said you intended to find out who did away with poor Broussard. Must you do it here under this roof?"

"I'm the count's guest, until after Saturday night, at least."

"What then?"

"He's asking everyone . . . you, your brother-in-law . . . he must know it . . . Renard, all of us, to come in, throw down our cards on the table and . . ."

"I hope you throw yours down hard and clear out," she said, and got in her car, and drove away.

Saturday evening Breen stood at the top of the step when Pavie arrived, with his wife and Anne Harrison in the rear seat. The count had spent the afternoon in his bedroom; he complained again of pain in his head, and although he was in the living room now, he did not come forward to meet his guests.

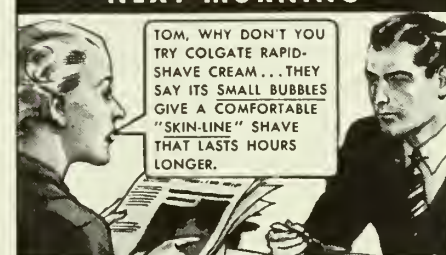
He apologized, however, as he offered them wine, for being such a poor host.

"My unfortunate Henry," he said, "is still scarcely able to walk about. He has not recovered his strength as I have. We make the best of it without his assistance."

Merseau, late in the afternoon, had carried a long (Continued on page 56)



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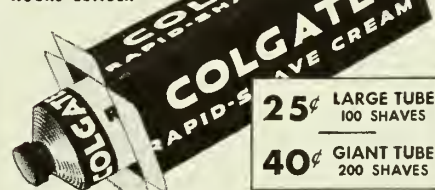
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## Unfinished Business

(Continued from page 55)

table in from the rear of the castle and placed it in the living room opposite the hearth. Renard, puffing in, afoot, about eight o'clock, sat down at the head of it. Soon after Kernan drove up with Gendarme Preux.

"You," Breen greeted his driver.

"Oh, I know nobody asked me," Kernan retorted, "but I heard about this little pow pow. Thought I'd come."

Breen was surprised; and equally so, a few minutes later, when the curé tramped up the hill, lifting his long skirts, and begged permission to sit in on the conference.

"Yes, yes, to be sure!" Ruban greeted him. "It is your privilege to sit in any gathering in this community, but more, you are most welcome here always!"

Breen sensed an atmosphere of strain as the guests sat down. Pavie could not keep his hands still; his wife knitted, without looking up, and Anne Harrison picked up one book, then another, and laid them all down without opening.

She acted, Breen thought, as if Pavie had laid down orders at home that members of his family would think little at this gathering tonight, and say less.

Only the priest seemed calm, and that in spite of frequent glances at them all. At last he volunteered: "I have today spoken with our friend Doctor Juste. He tells me that he knows much about this fearful business."

"The doctor says that!" Ruban exclaimed. "Then I regret we did not invite him tonight."

"I believe he will arrive later, notwithstanding," the priest said. "It was

my suggestion. There is a woman, very ill, across the town. When he can be spared from her bedside, he will come here."

In the middle of his remark a car sounded in the driveway.

"Voilà, there he is now," the priest said.

Breen rose.

"Be seated, please." The count himself got up slowly. "I can welcome one, at least into my house."

He walked with a slight limp into the hallway and Breen heard him draw the bolt and swing open the big door.

"Oh, *oui*, business is better," Pavie was answering Breen, when the count's voice cried sharply: "Monsieur doctor! Help! Renard, help!"

Breen kicked over his chair. But the brigadier got in his way, so he wasted five precious seconds getting to the door. Light from the hallway spread generously down the steps. Out on the gravel walk below them, Doctor Juste lay stretched out on his back.

Breen grabbed his flashlamp and pressed the button. Doctor Juste's throat had been cut, sliced wide open, by one sure, powerful blow with what must have been a very sharp knife.

The count staggered up, then collapsed again to his knees.

"Quick!" he called, swaying and pointing toward the gate. "That way. I saw him. A tall man!" He slumped down on the gravel. Breen, leaning over him, saw that the count, too, bore a bloody gash across the throat.

(To be continued)

## Time, Space and the U. S. A.

(Continued from page 9)

Large, sighed with relief, lighted a cigarette and said: "Now we can all go home."

The new document eliminates the surprise element by providing full exchange of building programs. British Foreign Secretary Eden and Mr. Davis published an exchange of letters just before the treaty was signed, each courteously assuring the other that a naval race between the two nations was farthest from their thoughts. In brief the new treaty is more or less a gentlemen's agreement to keep on the parity basis as established in 1922 at Washington.

The inside news of the recent London meeting, however, was not presented fully as an official statement. Nevertheless, something happened there that is vitally important to the United States. It has been whispered, rumored, and partially revealed, but never did it form an item of the advertised program, nor was it

proclaimed in the authenticised results. It is, however, a new British *attitude* toward the United States, with a proposal tagged thereto, bearing the British price.

Great Britain is not a charitable institution. But what nation is? The good treatment of nations one for another usually is based upon their mutual interests. Great Britain is wise, far seeing and less opportunist than many nations. Great Britain now has serious need of the United States, and tomorrow, or the day after, the United States may have serious need of Great Britain.

At the beginning of the London Conference the British plan, openly, was simply Rule Britannia. Now that she is equipped with up-to-date dreadnaughts, she would cheerfully support the theme of disarmament by diminishing the tonnage in this class for everyone else. Also as she is amply provided with naval



bases controlling all trade routes, even the strategic approaches to the Caribbean Sea and the Panama Canal, she would reduce the size of cruisers, for other powers, to eight or even six thousand tons. By this she could add to her already superior cruiser strength, millions of tons of speedily convertible merchant ships.

Japan, in demanding a parity program at London, meant parity mainly with the United States. Even though the big-hearted Americans at Versailles gave Japan the mandate for the Caroline and Marshall islands, where she hoped to build submarine nests that would prevent the American fleet crossing the Pacific, Japan knows now that a rebuilt American fleet, supported by its magnificent air force, speedily would find the way.

The American plan, presented at London, was to build battleships, big and strong as Britain's *Rodney* and *Nelson*—floating fortresses that will be veritable naval bases in themselves, battle cruisers, fast and powerful as Britain's *Hood*, and to continue construction of 10,000-ton cruisers with sufficient gun caliber and cruising range to make her lack of naval bases of minor importance. The British did not oppose this plan. Why?

During the final months of 1935 Great Britain had an awakening. Events in Africa, followed by the mobilization of a great British fleet in the Mediterranean, and the subsequent danger of war with Italy gave her for the first time in many years striking proof of her own vulnerability.

Great Britain now knows that her great naval bases in the Mediterranean are of little or no account in case of naval conflict. Formerly the saying was, "While the British fleet rides at Malta, the Mediterranean remains a British lake." Nowadays time and space have new meanings, especially in the event of war. Malta now is just across the street from Italy, so close that it can be raided from the air, almost before the defenders have time to act. Therefore Malta is considered practically worthless for large ships.

The great harbor at Alexandria now has become difficult for large war vessels. From the inner to the outer basins the narrow channel is so shifting that the sea lords of Britain realize it can only be used for light cruisers, submarines and destroyers, and is an unsafe refuge for such monsters as the *Hood* or *Rodney*. In fact the only base regarded as worthwhile is Gibraltar, on account of its distance from potential foes, and even Gibraltar no longer is the impregnable fortress once advertised to all the world.

In view of this situation Great Britain was forced to demand the co-operation of France. Should the "mad dog" act occur today in the Mediterranean, the French harbors would mean salvation for the British fleet.

Where does the United States enter

into this puzzle of conflicting interests that are distinctly European?

The Mediterranean, now that British supremacy there has been directly challenged, assumes greater importance in British eyes than ever before. It is the principal trade route to all her dominions, except Canada. The fate of the empire depends upon its remaining under British control. To this end almost her entire navy, the great Home fleet, the Mediterranean fleet, the larger units of her Asiatic squadrons, must of necessity remain in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean gateways, perhaps for years. Therefore in case of more trouble arising in the Orient than already exists, and despite her vast commercial interests in that portion of the globe, Great Britain today dare not move a sizable battle fleet east of Suez. This so far as the white race is concerned, leaves the problem of the Pacific entirely up to the United States.

In the behind-the-scenes palavers at the London Conference British leaders candidly insisted that as they are holding the bag in the Mediterranean, the United States must perform the same act on the other side of the world.

The great naval base at Singapore, the strongest in the world, naturally will remain British, and a few cruisers will be kept on duty nearby. The British even went so far as to hint that in case the United States is drawn into a naval war with Japan, the British units still in far eastern waters, also the Singapore base, might be placed at the disposal of the United States in case of dire need. Always the United States would have the moral and economic support of Great Britain, and previous thoughts of attempting to dictate the size of American warships are removed from the British mind.

There we have it—the offer and the price. The United States to retain, in limited extent, her partnership with Great Britain versus Japan. The United States to build ships according to her own conception of her necessities, without, as formerly, any British objections. On the other hand, the United States to protect the British oriental interests as well as her own, and there to bear the physical brunt of a possible war.

Instead of the hemming and hawing, the mystery, the open bickerings, and curt refusals to budge from distinct national programs, that marked the London Conference, might it not have been better in the interest of world peace to bring these British proposals clearly into the open for all to understand? Why did they remain vague, under the general heading of "conversations tending toward ultimate agreement."

In this the London Conference followed merely the course of all conferences where the custom so far as possible is to act in the dark. Also the present world dilemma, the uncertainty of the German program, the (Continued on page 58)

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## A CURTAIN CALL FOR THE COVER ACTORS

THE puppet actors of the cover scene here make their formal bow following their original appearance in "The Glorious Fourth," a production staged and directed by their creator, Forrest C. Crooks. These little men—each of them is fifteen inches tall—are so ingeniously put together that they are capable of almost any movement possi-

ble to a human. Their colorful costumes, of velvet and satin and gold braid trim, and the three-cornered hats and churchwarden pipe, are as authentic as the Declaration of Independence itself. The same is true of the stage set. The cobblestones were carefully selected as to proportionate size (they average about an inch in length) and are embedded in ce-

ment. The architecture of the two buildings shown is as authentic as the costumes, and typical of the post-Revolutionary period. The brass knob atop the door rail was borrowed from a firescreen in the home of a Legionnaire. There is only one fake in the whole ensemble. The genuine glass in the store window is a single pane, but we defy anybody to notice it.

## *Time, Space and the U. S. A.*

(Continued from page 57)

secret understanding believed to exist between the Reich and Japan, the fear that stalks everywhere, all these elements combined further to check official pronouncements.

The idea would appear concrete enough to give Japan pause, provided of course that America does come through with her program and build a battle fleet worthy of her tradition as a naval power. Such a fleet in the Pacific, supported by an air force that the Japanese already fear, might prove just the big stick necessary to ward off war.

Today, however, America singlehanded has plenty to fear from the Japanese fleet. In the air it is an entirely different matter. The Japanese lack a sense of air balance and are distinctly poor fliers. While this would give the United States an advantage, still it might not be sufficient for her to undertake an offensive action. Forced to defend herself, the immense western coast of the United States then might prove vulnerable.

For defense against invasion, major necessities are lines of communication

and water supply. The United States has excellent horizontal feeder lines of railways extending parallel across the continent, south, center and north. In the West however, while her motor roads are excellent, her vertical rail routes are not adequate, except on the coast itself, where the line might be cut by an enemy. Also for much of the western country the water power is artificial, and is piped hundreds of miles across deserts, where great damage might easily be accomplished.

Even America's eastern seaboard, although at present less likely to an enemy attack from the sea, may also have its heel of Achilles. Take for example the position of Greater New York, where the entire water and light supply is from a single feeder line, coming down direct from the north. Thirty thousand men—filling only three of the huge transports such as now exist—might capture the American metropolis. Naturally they would not enter through the Narrows, where the defenses are powerful, but suppose they slipped in via Long Island

Sound, and cut the line supplying water and light? The result very probably would be the speedy capitulation of the city.

How about Fort Wright, guarding the sea entrance to the Sound? Its mighty guns would probably prove effective upon any raiders at New London and the River Thames. But what about Rhode Island estuaries and the Cape Cod Canal? Somewhere, in all probability, the invaders would find access into New England, whence they could make a quick dash to the valley of the Hudson, and accomplish the same result upon the city of New York.

All this of course is more problematical than probable, but does clearly bring up the question of *elasticity* versus rigidity of defense. Until now the main bulwarks of the nation have been fixed, and permanent as man could devise. Modern transport has so diminished time and space that today we live in a contracted world.

We have ample evidence that in a very short time passengers who are in a hurry to cross oceans will abandon the present



super-leviathans of the sea, to book passage aboard the speed liners of the air.

In Berlin the German scientists experiment with a rocket, radio controled, which they claim, within a short time will almost annihilate distance, by dropping a letter pouch in New York within four hours. If this is accomplished they will develop the apparatus to transport much more.

In this year 1936 A. D. it appears quite certain that the United States of America

is not in immediate danger of attack from anybody. But the certainty is just as great that this richest of nations, and potentially the strongest, is the natural object of world envy—and is in constant danger.

It would therefore appear sound doctrine that the best possible means for the United States to employ, in order to avoid war, is to appear in the eyes of all other nations as too tough to fight.

## Without a Trace

(Continued from page 21)

wings of his crate disappeared in the sky toward the south and Staten Island. He never reached there.

Fateful influences similarly and inevitably bore on the compass needles of many who flew in the World War. Of the hundreds who took off never to return, one can mention only the indelible names of men like Georges Guynemer, youthful French captain, whose brief and deadly aerial career of 53 victories streaked like a comet through the skies of war and disappeared beyond the horizon; of Lieutenant H. D. Vernon and his companion Lieutenant B. D. Ash; of Malcolm Gunn and Jason Hart of the A. E. F., who made flights with their destinations a mystery even to themselves.

Equally baffling was the case of two Army fliers over the Hawaiian Islands, where fog is unknown. One fine day in 1920, Lieutenant Robert R. Fox and Corporal Herman J. Cornett of the 4th Observation Squadron flew as one member of a three-plane formation from Luke Field to Molokai, some seventy-five miles away. Above the island of Molokai the formation dived into a cloud bank. When it emerged only two ships were visible. No trace of the Fox-Cornett plane has ever been found.

An airplane is a small object in the immensity of nature. A dirigible is comparatively large and bulky. Who would imagine that a dirigible carrying a large crew, radio equipment, safety devices and food in quantity could utterly vanish? Yet several instances are on record.

Fifteen adventurous souls took off in the big German airship *L-1*, on September 10, 1913, for a flight over the North Sea. The great gray craft slowly flew out of sight—and out of the ken of man.

In December, 1923, the French dirigible *Dixmude* left her base at Cuers-Pierrefou for a seventy-two-hour cruise over North Africa. She carried a crew of fifty. On the third day of her flight a storm, howling across the sands, struck her over Iraq, disabled her motors and wireless, and blew her like a free balloon across Tunis toward Sicily. Nine days later the nets of Sicilian fishermen brought up the uniformed body of the commander, Du Plessis de Grenedan. Wild tribesmen, years later, insisted that they had seen in

the distance the big dirigible, obviously at the mercy of the vagrant winds, drifting slowly over the center of the Sahara.

What of the venturesome members of the *Italia's* crew when that semi-dirigible dashed to the ice of the polar pack under command of General Nobile? They were carried aloft again after their gondola had broken loose, and disappeared.

In the earlier days of scheduled air transportation abroad, a huge KLM plane left Croydon, near London, with an experienced airman at the controls, two passengers sitting at ease in the spacious cabin, and clear weather ahead. No trace of the machine or its cargo has ever come to light. It never landed at Amsterdam; it never landed anywhere. Similarly perplexing is the strange disappearance of the British fliers, W. R. Hinchliffe and the Honorable Elsie MacKay, who hopped from Cranwell, England, in March, 1928, for Canada. At least they said they were flying for Canada. Others have hinted at a suicide pact, or even a romantic island life. But they are completely and mysteriously missing.

Nungesser and Coli, the intrepid French pair who set out so bravely for America one spring day in 1927, have been joined by a stout company at their unknown destination. Captain Leslie Hamilton, Lieutenant Colonel Minchin and the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, aboard the *St. Raphael*, are part of the august assemblage to whom fate was unkind and the glory of achievement denied. Legionnaires bound for the Paris convention in 1927 scanned the skies of mid-ocean in vain for them. With them, too, are the three Royal Air Force officers who took off not long after the war to fly the Irish Sea. On a perfectly fine day they left Shotwick Aerodrome near Chester for Baldonnell. No word has ever come concerning their fate.

S. O. S! . . . S. O. S! . . . Twice, over the turbulent Atlantic, invisible waves bore across the ether that most terrifying message. Out of an inky, stormy blackness one night in September, 1927, came the call for aid from the monoplane *Old Glory* in which Lloyd Bertaud, James Dewitt Hill and Philip Payne rode for Rome. It was the spark that sent four giant ocean liners (Continued on page 60)

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## Without a Trace

(Continued from page 59)

racing to the spot where a macabre scene was being enacted. Powerful searchlights stabbed the gloom, lighting tossing waters and flying spume. Crews and passengers searched in vain for a tiny rubber boat in which they hoped to find the airmen. The call for help had been followed after minutes of silence by the plane's call letters "WRHP . . . five hours out of Newfoundland . . . East." That was all. Simultaneously, another airplane soared over the grim Atlantic on its way to London and a \$25,000 prize. The *Sir John Carling* was ploughing through rain and fog without radio, but no fears were felt for her safety. Captain Terry Tully and Lieutenant James Medcalf were experienced pilots. But they never made any earthly airport.

On the morning of August 16, 1927, excitement ran high at Oakland. It was the moment for the long-awaited Dole flight to Hawaii to begin. Down the runway in their Lockheed roared John W. Frost and Gordon Scott. A few minutes later John A. Pedlar, Lieutenant Vilas Knope and pretty Mildred Doran left for the distant goal also. Then others.

Three days later Captain William P. Erwin and Alvin Eichenwald climbed into their plane, bound on a search for the missing Dole contestants. After their radio had faithfully reported progress for seven hours, the key was suddenly muted, never to be heard again. The squadron of the vanished was growing.

August, 1927, also found Brunswick, Georgia, in a hubbub. The front pages of the country's newspapers had been charitable to the story of the quiet young son of a minister who was about to make Brunswick immortal with a non-stop flight to Brazil. It was exciting to contemplate.

Came the morning of August 25th. The monoplane, resplendent in its glistening paint, lurched down the runway and took the air. The craft flew rapidly south and soon was lost to view. Spectators flocked to the town newspaper office and learned that a lone airplane, flying high, had been sighted sometime later by a steamship in the Caribbean. Townspeople waited with bated breath to cheer the dauntless flier's accomplishment, but no further word arrived. He was down somewhere. For days the town board of trade consoled itself that he would turn up out of the tangled jungle where he doubtless had been forced down. But weeks, months, years went by. Those who keep faith believe Paul Redfern is still alive in the fastnesses of the Brazilian hinterland, waiting to be rescued, even though an expedition sent out last spring by Elbert S. Waide Post of The American Legion, Cristobal, Canal Zone, was unable to find any trace of him. Legionnaire James Ryan, a member of this expedition,

was drowned in the hinterland during the search for the missing aviator.

It was a woman who led the next flight to limbo in her brand new Sikorsky, the *Dawn*, equipped with special gasoline tanks of great capacity. Experts have claimed that these were so placed that a shifting center of gravity would inevitably accomplish the destruction of the plane. On December 23, 1927, Mrs. Frances Grayson climbed aboard her plane with a crew of three and took off from Roosevelt Field for Harbor Grace, whence the difficult transatlantic hop would be attempted. The new amphibian never reached Newfoundland or anywhere else that is known to man.

One of the strangest disappearances in all the adventurous annals of aviation occurred on March 22, 1929, under sunny skies and without the slightest hint of danger when, with two passengers, a Sikorsky amphibian containing a crew of two shoved off from Norfolk, Virginia, for Curtiss Field, Long Island. When it failed to arrive on scheduled time, its owners ordered an intensive search, with Army, Navy and Marine Corps and local agencies combing the wilds of New Jersey and other States from slowly moving blimps.

The curious element about it is that the plane presumably flew over some of the most densely populated regions of the United States and along well traveled airways. Boats dot the waterways underneath, and automobiles continuously traverse roads parallel to the line of flight. But the amphibian headed through a fourth dimension to the happy hunting grounds of missing airmen.

Where are Oscar Kaeser and Kurt Luescher, the Swiss boys in their early twenties who bade farewell to Lisbon in the false dawn of a July morning in 1929 and headed for America in their white Farman?

John Bochkon was a pilot trained in the Norwegian Air Corps at Kjeller Field, Oslo. He wanted to return to Norway from America, where he had been living, and planned to fly home, taking with him flight commander Clyde A. Lee, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. His homecoming started from the Barre-Montpelier, Vermont, airport at 9:15 A.M. on August 23, 1932. The pilots sat in their Stinson-Detroiter behind a 220 h. p. Wright Whirlwind engine, and carried with them 202 gallons of fuel. At Harbor Grace they were to load with 460 gallons for the perilous hop across the Atlantic. A thousand people saw the *Green Mountain Boy* take the air.

A fog prevented them from landing at Harbor Grace, but they came down safely at Burgeo, Newfoundland. Two days later the plane rose from Harbor Grace into a cloudless sky, with tail winds



for the first part of their journey to Europe. The fliers hoped to reach Oslo in thirty hours, but carried fuel enough to keep them aloft for seven hours longer. They took off at 5:02 A. M. after bidding farewell to a group of well-wishers. No ship reported them. They are unreported at Oslo. No sign of wreckage was ever seen.

In the summer of 1935 a new low-wing Northrop pursuit ship of secret performance took off from a Los Angeles airport on a test flight to justify a manufacturing cost of \$100,000. Army Reserve Pilot Arthur H. Skaer roared away in the 325 mph job up the coast toward the Palos Verdes hills. His present whereabouts and the fate of the ship remain mysteries. In whatever haven he found are Pilot Arthur F. Hines and his passengers, Mr. and Mrs. John Lonz and Alton Nordale, who vanished in the Alaskan wilderness last November. They were last seen in their orange-colored ship as they flew into murky weather over Chicken, Alaska.

The *Golden Hind* was the romantic name of a small Barling low-wing monoplane piloted by Urban F. Diteman, a plainsman from Montana. In this minute craft he essayed the perilous transatlantic hop with a minimum of precaution and a maximum of hope and courage. In October, 1929, he left civilization at Harbor Grace, never to return.

Roald Amundsen, famous polar explorer, disappeared into the maw of the frozen north in a plane while searching for Nobile, a man whom he had plenty of reason to dislike. His was a mission of mercy, yet he himself was destined not to return. Captain William S. MacLaren and Mrs. Beryl Hart, following a series of postponements, finally started across the Atlantic from Bermuda in January, 1931. They flew straight to the Port of Lost Airmen in their white Bellanca seaplane. Glenn W. Brophy, American airman, lost on a solo hop across the China Sea from Macao in Portuguese China to Manila, is there also. So are the crew of *The American Nurse*—Pilot William Ulbrich, Dr. Leon M. Pisculli, and Miss Edna Newcomer—which soared into the sky toward Rome September 13, 1932, with three adventurous Americans and a woodchuck mascot, Tailwind.

Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith and J. T. Pethybridge, who were last seen at Akyab on November 8, 1935, on their way to Singapore in their Lockheed Altair, have never been found. The search by every air vehicle in the area continued many days, but the officer com-

manding the R. A. F. in the Far East eventually ordered the quest abandoned.

The only thing heard of Kingsford-Smith's machine was a report by the manager of a tin mine in southern Siam that an airplane flew low over the jungle, and a complete check of the movements of aircraft in the vicinity at that time eliminated all others. Radio broadcasts and an issue of pamphlets in five languages offering a rich reward recruited all the jungle dwellers to the search, to no avail.

But all of these tragedies are of a pattern in one particular—we know the sea swallowed the victims. Though mystery remains as to the exact spot where each went down, the certainty that most met death by drowning is obvious.

Planes have vanished flying over land, too, or at least have been lost for varying periods of time. Their wreckage has been found, sometimes after a lapse of many months, as was the case a few years ago when on the remote slopes of the white-blanketed Andes a long-missing South American transport plane with a grisly full complement of dead crew and passengers was finally revealed by melting snows.

One of the greatest air mysteries of overland flight to remain unsolved is the strange disappearance of Captain Mansell R. James, late of the Royal Air Force, who in early June of 1919 took off from an open field near Lee, Massachusetts, en route to New York City, to vanish utterly. In seventeen years no trace of plane or pilot has been found.

Captain James, 26, a bachelor and a native of Canada, was a true war ace officially credited with the destruction of ten enemy airplanes. Only a week before he disappeared he had arrived here from England to seek markets in this country for surplus British war planes. Hastily assembling a Sopwith Camel which he had brought with him, he sought to demonstrate the superiority of that famous pursuit ship at an air meet in Atlantic City. A feature of the meeting was a cross-country race to Boston.

Captain James entered the race. With a single intermediate stop for refueling—a Sop Camel carried gasoline for only two hours of flying—he led all other fliers to the goal in the still creditable time of three hours and five minutes. After an overnight rest in Boston he started to fly back.

Few war fliers were competent air navigators. James later reported that his compass was bad, but it is a fair assumption that he intended to follow the tracks of the  
(Continued on page 62)

Honest, General—I wouldn't have stopped you and ast for a match if I'da knowed diff'rent!—I only been in the Army two days!!

All right, my boy—But, be careful—You might have picked a Second Lieutenant!!



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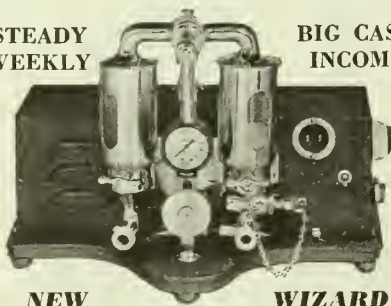




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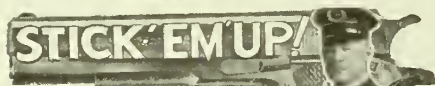
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## Without a Trace

(Continued from page 61)

New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, which parallel Long Island Sound, and by error picked up the rails of the Boston & Albany railroad, running due west from Boston. Certainly he was unfamiliar with both the railroad systems and the terrain in this, to him, new country. In any event he was forced to land in an open meadow near Lee.

There were no civil airports in 1920 and consequently no service for planes. It required several hours for the foreign pilot to transport to his plane gasoline, oil and water.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, under fair skies, he told a gathering of well-wishers that he intended to follow the Housatonic River to its mouth, then cross Long Island Sound to Mitchel Field. Then he took off in the dashing zoom characteristic of war pilots. Watchers followed the trim biplane with their eyes until it became an all but invisible speck to the southwest. And that was the last ever seen or heard of Captain James, although in the frenzied air and ground search which ensued for a week, he was variously reported east, west and south of his announced course.

Through the years there have been rumors of the finding of the wreckage of his plane, once the reported discovery by a hunter in the southern Berkshires, once the report of a wrecked plane on the river bottom by a Hudson riverman. All efforts to confirm each report failed to reveal as much as a twisted control wire.

Your guess as to what happened is as good as anyone's. The plane may have gone to pieces in flight, scattering parts among the wilderness of the Berkshire Hills. It may have caught fire, landing in a lonely valley of those hills to be reduced to a twisted blackened mass of metal which, matching the coloration of the rocks, may have been passed by humans for years until now it is concealed by moss and foliage. The pilot may have attempted to pancake on one of the many small lakes which abound in the Berkshires, or may have tried the same type of emergency landing on the surface of the Hudson, or even in Long Island Sound. In such circumstances it is logical to think that the pilot was made unconscious in landing. Strapped in his seat by a safety belt, he would have gone to the bottom as the plane inevitably sank.

## The Rise and Fall of the U-103

(Continued from page 5)

good enough excuse to let go a dozen or more depth-charges, and if we could have stopped to gather up the dead fish that, killed by the terrific concussion, floated belly-up on the water, we could have had a welcome change from the everlasting salt mackerel for breakfast.

A second brush with our Allies did not end so fortunately. A depth-charge, dropped into the middle of an oil-slick in accordance with our policy of fire first and investigate later, brought up a surprised and indignant submarine. The conning tower opened, and an agitated English officer began frantically waving a huge British flag. In the meantime we had opened fire with the three four-inch guns we could bring to bear, but due to our poor marksmanship (we were excited, too) no one was hurt. We found that the submarine's submersing mechanism had been put out of order, so we escorted her over to nearby France.

Eventually, however, we were destined to wreak some havoc on the enemy instead of our Allies or the inoffensive herring that inhabit the North Atlantic. One cold March night we were in convoy—five destroyers escorting a homeward-bound troopship to the edge of the war-zone. Just before dawn we heard the dull

boom of the troopship's six-inch gun, and almost simultaneously came a radio message from the commander of the destroyer flotilla that a submarine had fired a torpedo at the troopship but had missed. Our instructions were to stay behind and get the sub while the troopship and the rest of the convoy high-tailed for America and safety.

We scattered depth-charges lavishly over the surface of the ocean, and this time with gratifying results. For, by the gray half-light of the breaking dawn we saw, half a mile away, the dripping black hulk of a submarine rise slowly to the surface like a mortally wounded whale. The conning tower slowly opened, and tiny black figures started jumping into the water and swimming slowly toward us. Fortunately the sea was fairly calm, and as we approached the struggling men we hurriedly lowered our whale-boat into the water and shipped oars. I was the first man in the boat, as I was determined that no one would cheat me out of my chance to be a hero. As, with a ragged stroke, we pulled for the submarine, now lying barely awash in the gently tossing sea, I craned an inquisitive neck just in time to see the bow rear majestically from the waves and then, with a sound



like a tired sigh, slide beneath the surface. What a disappointment! I had had vague visions of hooking a tow line to the submarine and bringing her in triumph back to Ireland. We learned later that as soon as the German captain saw that the safety of his crew was assured, he had opened the seacocks and had allowed her to sink rather than be captured. It was the U-103.

Oh, well, there were still the prisoners, now crowding around the whale-boat and hanging from the gunwales. I thought, "Here's my chance to get a real souvenir."

With a deplorable lack of good manners, I reached out to a swimming German and snatched off his hat, which I stowed inside my life-belt. As I hauled him aboard he looked at me reproachfully and murmured, "Meine Muetze, meine Muetze!" I glowered at him, and summoning the tattered remnants of my high-school German, said sternly, "Geh' zurueck!" He meekly took his place in the stern, and we resumed picking up the survivors. One poor lad had quite evidently been sleeping raw, for he didn't have on a stitch of clothing.

When we got back aboard with our crowd of numbed and shivering Germans, we found that those of the ship's company who had remained on board had also done their share of rescuing. Some of the submarine's crew had swum to the ship's side, and had hung on to the guard rail until they could be hauled aboard. We had in our crew a very hard-boiled bo's'n's mate who was on watch on the fo'c'sle. Hearing a faint hail, he looked over the side and saw one of the crew of the submarine, almost exhausted, feebly clinging to the side of the destroyer. The bo's'n's mate seized the first thing handy, a rubber hose used for washing down decks, and threw one end over the side. As the struggling man in the water caught the end of the hose, another lad from the kaiser's navy swam up and also took hold of the hose. As they started to climb up, the bo's'n's mate shouted, "Hey, wait a minute till I take a turn around something!" The Germans, no doubt interpreting the strange words as encouragement, continued to try to climb up the hose, hand over hand. The bo's'n's mate, whose arms were almost being pulled out of their sockets by the dead weight, was forced to let go—and a few seconds later a round blue hat came slowly spiraling



Here's John Friend's Number One souvenir de guerre. The legend on the hat, somewhat faded with the passage of the years, reads: "Unterseeboots-Halbflotilla II"—which is to say "Underseaboat-Halfflotilla II," or, to carry the thing a little further, "Submarine Sub-section II"

to the surface. It told its own story.

When we counted noses, we found we had thirty-eight real live prisoners of war. Nine men were missing—presumably dragged under the surface by the weight of their heavy clothing or paralyzed by contact with the icy water. The others, after being given dry clothing and a huge breakfast of ham and eggs (they got a better breakfast than we did), were quite cheerful and apparently fully reconciled to the prospect of a British prison camp for the rest of the war. Our mutual exchange of ideas was necessarily limited by our linguistic deficiencies, but we managed to make ourselves understood fairly well. What struck us most forcibly was the youth of the submarine's crew. Most of them were mere boys of fifteen and sixteen, with the tragic shadow of hunger in their thin cheeks and sunken eyes.

Where to put the prisoners was the next problem. On a destroyer, where every inch of space is at a premium, there is no brig. Our own crew, expanded to war-time strength, was considerably crowded, but we philosophically doubled up and put the Germans in the seamen's quarters forward.

When we arrived with our catch at Queenstown (now Cobh), the base port of the destroyer flotilla, we tied up alongside of the *Melville*, our mother ship, where each prisoner was given a new suit of dungarees, a corn-cob pipe, and a can of tobacco. And were they glad to be out of it all, safe!

Crowds of envious and curious sailors from the *Melville* were bursting with questions, and we obligingly supplied a hundred different versions of the "battle." As soon as our prisoners were transferred back aboard the *Davis*, each proudly puffing a new Missouri meerschau, we got under weigh again and took them up to Milfordhaven, Wales, where they were destined to stay for the duration.

As they filed ashore, with many a cheerful "Auf Wiedersehen," we watched them go with a certain amount of regret. The party was over, and we had to go back to the North Sea again on the old grind of convoy and patrol. We were still in a war, it seemed.

Our satisfaction was later increased by the knowledge that ours was the only American destroyer actually to capture prisoners from an enemy submarine. And that's official.

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## Your Money and Your Life

(Continued from page 11)

ment had paid out to beneficiaries (in death, disability, and matured endowments) 175 million dollars. The amount of the average policy held last year was \$4,400.

Here is evidence to show that Uncle Sam gives the insured veteran a break:

A truck driver demanded cash surrender on his policy. The check was sent him. He died before he received it. It was ruled that cash surrender had not actually been made. Full value of \$2,000 was paid on the policy, instead of \$150 due for surrender.

Another veteran allowed his policy to lapse. Then he sent in the amount of the premium last due. It arrived one day after he had been killed in an auto accident. The late premium was adjudged as evidence of desire for reinstatement. The beneficiary was paid \$2,500.

A veteran—and there have been quite a few cases similar to this—died after his policy had lapsed for non-payment of premiums. His family, though they believed the policy could not possibly still be in force, consulted the Veterans Administration. They discovered that any policy is automatically extended for as long as its accumulated cash reserve suffices to continue protection under extended insurance. The family collected the unexpended and much-needed amount of the policy, less the reserve expended. Some policies, by the way, have accumulated sufficient cash reserve to carry them until 1963.

A policy was surrendered by a veteran, proved to have been insane when he did so. When the veteran died the Government paid the claim.

An aged veteran had married a woman much younger than he. The couple, having quarreled, came to a Government office where the husband tried to surrender his policy for the cash from which he could make his wife a separation allowance. A contact man managed to persuade them that surrender was unwise and patched things up somehow. Not long afterward the husband died. The wife fell heir to the full \$10,000 of the policy.

Every Government policy carries a permanent-total disability clause, a feature apt to prove so costly to the insuring agency that old-line companies have been dropping it or charging accordingly. This clause means that when a policy holder becomes totally and permanently disabled so that he "cannot continuously follow a substantially gainful occupation," periodic payments start being made to him on that policy. This is, of course, an immensely valuable provision for the insured, a regular life saver. There are cases of veterans who, while they rate it, have not applied for it; yet it remains a resource. One ex-soldier,

almost blind, remains a mainstay of his firm which assigns clerks to read to him, since his experience is of such worth. Another, bent almost double with arthritis, manages an auditorium in the West and has brought it from a failure to a paying proposition. These veterans are not receiving benefits under their insurance because of their own preference to "carry on" and to keep their insurance intact. But if they should be forced by their disabilities to discontinue their employment, they would be entitled to receive the benefits provided for in the United States Government life insurance policies.

One man, awarded a P-T rating, has received \$12,000 and will keep on drawing payments the rest of his life.

Some insured veterans have not understood the varying amounts of dividends received on their policies or their not having received any. The answer in insurance language is that dividends represent an adjustment of the premiums paid to the actual experience. Which being translated means, so much is paid in by the insured to cover current losses and build up the necessary reserve, and so much is paid out in benefits on account of death and disability. If there is a gain, a dividend is declared. If it's the other way 'round and there's a loss, that has to be absorbed by reserve funds. Naturally the outgo is greater in the older age groups—which is why they receive no dividend. About \$6,950,000 has been set aside for dividends in 1936.

Government insurance now is available not only to World War veterans but to officers and enlisted men entering active service under the War or Navy Department or Coast Guard and to reserve officers placed on active duty. They are entitled to apply 120 days after entering active service, said application to be made before retirement, discharge or resignation. To these service men a five-year term policy, to be converted later, is issued at a low rate. They are taking advantage of the opportunity, and it is they who account for the bulk of the fifty policies a day now being taken out and the \$4,000,000 a month in new insurance which the Government is writing. Policies range from \$1,000 to the \$10,000 limit.

It is we old-timers who are backward. Though it takes economy and sacrifice to meet each premium, those efforts are worth it when you consider what insurance can mean to your loved ones in the event of your death or disablement. All seven different plans of the insurance issued by the Government carry that valuable and now unique permanent disability clause without extra charge. There is no restriction as to residence, travel, occupation, military or naval service. You may elect that the insur-



ance be paid in a lump sum or in instalments, with 3½ percent interest on the unpaid balance accumulating for your beneficiary who may be designated as a person or a firm acting as trustee. Your war service made you eligible to apply, and at present there is no time limit on replacing insurance you may have dropped. It's a question of your ability to pass the physical examination and pay the premiums. As to the latter, you are reminded once more that the ante rises each year you grow older. You can apply through your Post insurance officer or through a regional or the Wash-

ington office of the U. S. Veterans Administration. Here's hoping that the foregoing earnest arguments and examples have registered strongly enough for you to want to take action. It sometimes occurs to a reader to wonder whether a writer whose stuff he's waded through practices what he preaches. By a curious coincidence, just as I sat down to write this article, a notice of premium due on my Government Life Insurance arrived in the mail. So to illustrate this article properly and consistently, the only thing I can do is draw a check.

# Everyman's Land

(Continued from page 31)

New York City, one of many posts composed exclusively of flying men. The show will require four floors of Grand Central Palace. Casey Jones is Commander of the post this year, and Harold Hartney, expert on air safety for the United States Senate, is chairman of the show committee. Post Member Fiorello LaGuardia, mayor of New York and a wartime flier, is honorary chairman, and another post member, Gustave A. Parsons, nationally famous exposition director, will be the active manager.

## The Firing Line of 1936

IF YOU haven't seen a rifle since the days of '17 and '18, you'll learn a lot if you will visit Camp Perry, near Port Clinton, Ohio, between August 24th and September 12th, while the National Rifle Matches are being held. The American Legion is taking a more important part in this convocation of shooters each year, and this year Frank J. Schneller, the Legion's National Marksmanship Director, will boss not only a national

Ekenberg, 5453 North Paulina Street, Chicago, is Captain of the East Team, and Clarence Ripley of Dennison, Ohio, is Adjutant. For the West Team, George A. Pickard, 4305 S. E. Thirty-First Avenue, Seattle, Washington, is Captain, and Roy Mingins, 500 Sansome Street, San Francisco, is Adjutant. The American Legion National Rifle Team will be in charge of Thurman Randle of Dallas, Texas.

## Bigger and Better

A LOT of history has been made since David McAllister Post began conducting the annual Dearborn County Fair in Lawrenceburg, Indiana. For fourteen straight years the post has conducted the fair and each year it has made a profit, reports Legionnaire Ray C. Johnson. The post got started on its fairs after making a big success of a street carnival back in 1920. This led to a public demand that the outfit revive the old-fashioned county fair which had not been held during the war years.

The fair grounds and buildings were dilapidated when the post took them over, so the outfit has spent more than \$25,000 on improvements. Conducting the fair as a business enterprise, the post members all have developed skill in handling the many details from year to year. The Post Commander appoints a fair board which works all through each year arranging for attractions.

The 1935 fair was attended by 12,000 persons, the largest crowd in Dearborn County history. This was taken as a reflection of the prosperity which has come to Lawrenceburg since large distilleries, employing many thousands, opened after the repeal of the national prohibition law.

## The Living, The Dead

IN FRONT of the home of Albert J. Hamilton Post at Bellingham, Washington, stands a roster board on which in parallel (Continued on page 66)

Well, boys, it looks like a tie between the eyes and the nose!!



team representing the whole Legion but also two sectional teams, representing the Legion of the West and the Legion of the East. There will also be many special events for Legionnaires, and the high spot of the Legion's share in the matches will come with the holding of an American Legion Rally.

Each sectional Legion team will be composed of thirteen members. Charles

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# Everyman's Land

(Continued from page 65)



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columns are inscribed the names of the post's four hundred members. Just before last Memorial Day a detail of Hamilton Post Legionnaires stood in front of the roster board and read upon the sides of crates inclosing Government marble headstones the names of eighteen World War veterans. From the post clubhouse the eighteen headstones were transported by the working party to Bay View Cemetery, on the evergreen hills overlooking the city and the blue waters of Bellingham Bay. When Memorial Day arrived, the eighteen marble headstones stood over graves covered with flowers.

"When the post made a survey to learn how many World War veterans' graves in Bellingham were unmarked, we were surprised at the number we found," writes Legionnaire Frank Downie. "As we arranged for the headstones which were erected on a single day, we determined that in the future no grave would be permitted to remain long unmarked."

### With the Legion's Help

**M**IRACLES of physical transformation have been performed by physicians and surgeons enlisted by the National Child Welfare Division of The American Legion, Roland B. Howell of Louisiana, committee chairman, told the National Executive Committee at its May meeting. He cited as an example the 14-year-old son of an unemployed South Dakota veteran who, when he came to the attention of the Legion's workers, was seriously deformed due to neglect of adenoid growths and diseased tonsils. His upper jaw and teeth protruded repulsively, and he was the subject of crude jests by his thoughtless schoolmates. As the result of this physical affliction and the attitude of others toward him, his inferiority complex deepened, he shunned all companions and became deeply embittered.

"In other words," said Mr. Howell, "he was licked. His parents were helpless. The operation and treatment necessary to correct the deformity would

have cost them nearly \$1,000. But a Legionnaire and Forty and Eighter performed a remarkable dental and surgical operation, at a moderate charge met by the Legion. Excess growth of bone on the upper jaw was removed and the protruding deformed teeth were replaced by normal teeth. With utter astonishment the boy refused to believe his eyes when the bandages were removed. In place of

the haunting grimace of his deformity, there was now the whimsical smile of boyish attractiveness. His parents have let us know that his whole life has been altered, with a complete change in personality as well as appearance."

### Make Your Own Bets

**I**F YOU want to know where the Legion is going for its 1937 convention, drop into a hat four bits of paper labeled Los Angeles, Montreal, New York and Denver. The one you pick out first,

blindfolded, may be it. That is as close as anybody can tell now. Montreal sent its jovial mayor, Camillien Houde, to the May meeting of the National Executive Committee, and the other three cities were represented by home-ground envoys of equal persuasiveness. Los Angeles's spokesman was Department Commander Dan Emmett, and Denver's Judge Wilbur Alter, Past Department Commander. Robert Minnich, New York's member of the National Executive Committee, spoke for the metropolis.

### Mother's Day Breakfast

**A** MOTHER'S DAY breakfast is Elyria (Ohio) Post's annual contribution to the observance of Mother's Day, and in repeating the breakfast this year the post hoped that other posts later will wish to follow its example. Almost one hundred persons attend the breakfast at the post's home, and the mother of each World War veteran is given a golden rose bowl as a favor. The principal address last year was given by Mrs. William Graves Sharp, widow of the American Ambassador to France during the World War. Nine Gold Star Mothers were guests of honor.



Arthur H. Cunningham Post of Hornell, New York, has honored the mothers of its community by the formal dedication of a memorial shield, in the post clubhouse, inscribed with the names of Hornell's sixteen Gold Star Mothers. The shield was dedicated at ceremonies held in the auditorium of the city's high school.

### Convention Fliers

THE twenty-five posts of the Fifth District in Michigan know the best entertainment for a post meeting. It is the showing of reels of Legion national and department conventions made by three members of Earl R. Stewart Post of Grand Rapids. Past Post Commander John Paul Jones, and Legionnaires Paul H. Miller and Charles Simpson, the picture makers, flew both to Miami and St. Louis in a plane owned by Legionnaires, and, with two department convention trips, rolled up 6,000 miles. They wonder whether it is a record. Our guess is that more than a few Legionnaire-owned planes have exceeded this mileage on national convention trips.

### They Also Served

WHEN Eipperle-McCourtie Post of Ralston, Nebraska, observes Memorial Day or the Fourth of July, it welcomes at its clubrooms a group of old friends. The post met these men, thirty of them, in April last year—on April 6th to be exact. You may remember that something happened on April 6, 1917. The post was celebrating this something when it greeted its thirty guests. They were World War veterans who served in armies other than that of the United States—Canadian, German, Austrian, Italian and the Australian. The post band, which won fourth place in the Miami national convention contest, played while the thirty veterans of other armies mingled with their Legionnaire hosts. Everybody agreed that the strangers would be welcome at every future celebration of a patriotic holiday by the post, writes Post Commander C. W. Hicks.

### Calling All Buglers!

NAVY Post of New York City is more than grateful to West Hoboken (New Jersey) Post. When Edgar P. Burgoyne, member of the New York City outfit, died suddenly in Union City, New Jersey, Maurice Rosenwald,

then Post Commander, asked Commander Gallo of West Hoboken Post to make preliminary funeral arrangements, preparatory to burialservices to be conducted in a New York City church and cemetery by Mr. Rosenwald's own Post. West Hoboken Post not only performed completely the service requested of it but also provided a firing squad and bugler to accompany the body to New York City for the final rites.

"There was an unusual incident in this connection which gave added proof of West Hoboken Post's spirit of comrade-



ship," writes Mr. Rosenwald. "The bugler accompanying the cortege was stricken with appendicitis and was taken to a hospital in Jersey City. The firing squad was about to render the final salute in the cemetery when a Legionnaire in uniform arrived, reported that he had come from West Hoboken to serve as bugler. We learned that when the regular bugler was taken sick, a call for a volunteer bugler was sent out by West Hoboken Post over the radio police patrol system of West Hoboken. Incidentally, every member of the firing squad was a West Hoboken fireman or policeman. The squad has served at scores of funerals."

### Hands Across the Border

WHEREVER they found themselves together in France, Canadian service men were just some more home folks to the men of the A. E. F. In that spirit, 300 members of the Canadian Legion made a friendly visit to the clubhouse of West Seneca Post of The American Legion at Ebenezer, New York, near Buffalo. The visitors, members of Earl Haig and Silverthorne Branches, traveled by bus from Toronto, and in uniform paraded to the Legion clubhouse where they placed wreaths at the base of the memorial flagpole. Their hosts, also in uniform, conducted impressive exercises. Then the Auxiliary served luncheon. The afternoon was given to games, the evening to dancing.

Commodore Denig Post of Sandusky, Ohio, was host (Continued on page 68)



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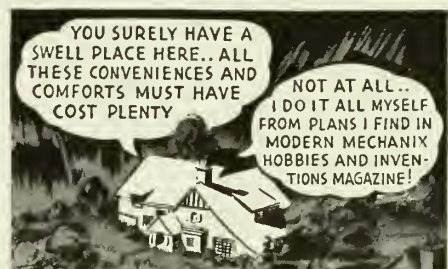
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# Everyman's Land

(Continued from page 67)

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to another Canadian delegation. Five members of the London (Ontario) branch of the Canadian Legion motored several hundred miles to Sandusky to lay a wreath on the grave of John Edwards, a comrade of the 33d Battalion of the C. E. F., at the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home.

## Debate Rodeo

WHEN Ralph Toomey Post of Spearfish, South Dakota, decided to sponsor a debating tournament and issued invitations to high schools in a large section of the Black Hills and adjoining territory, it wasn't sure how popular the event would be. Sixteen high schools in three States sent teams of four students each to take part in the affair, which was held in the auditorium of Spearfish Normal School. So successful was the tournament that the post has voted to make it an annual event.

The Rock Springs (Wyoming) team traveled from a far southwestern corner of its State to reach Spearfish, just the other side of Wyoming's eastern border, and other Wyoming communities which sent teams were Sheridan, Casper and Douglas. The team from Winner, South Dakota, won the tournament, and good showings were made by Belle

Fourche, Sturgis, Deadwood, Lead, Rapid City, Edgemont, New Underwood, Philip, Kadoka and Gregory. Nebraska was represented by Chadron. Spearfish High School, joint hosts with Ralph Toomey Post, won the consolation championship.

"Ralph Toomey Post, which spent considerable money in providing prizes and meeting other tournament expenses, is elated over its investment in good citizenship," writes Professor F. C. Guenther, chairman of The American Legion Debate Tournament.

## Roll Call

WYTHE WILLIAMS is a member of Paris (France) Post . . . Fairfax Downey belongs to Second Division Post of New York City . . . Dr. Samuel M. Edison ("Are Your Eyes Right?") is a member of Chicago Medical Post . . . Karl Detzer is a member of Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Ted Meredith is a Legionnaire of West Palm Beach (Florida) Post . . . Lynn R. Van Vlack is a Past Commander of Ira Lou Spring Post of Jamestown, New York . . . Daniel N. Harsh is Commander of Memphis (Tennessee) Post, the world's largest Legion Post . . . J. W. Schlaikjer belongs to Winner (South Dakota) Post. **PHILIP VON BLON**

## Hollow Laughter

(Continued from page 7)

"What'll we sing?" I cried as I entered, waving "hello" to the mass of smiling, pugnacious faces.

"How dry I am!" they roared. I laughed and held up my hand. The roar subsided.

"Lead, Kindly Light!" a lone voice cried. I looked quickly across the smoke-filled room into the shining eyes of Slim Reed.

"Hello, Baccarat!" I yelled. "Who won the war?"

"The M. P.'s!" he answered.

After the sing-song in which I led the gang, he came over and I got a really good look at him—very dark eyes that might be called "dewy" with humor. "Hey, Bill," he called over his shoulder, "come on."

Bill was almost the same build as Slim Reed but he was as fair as Slim was dark. "This is my buddy, Bill Swanstrom. He's a Swede but he ain't as dumb as he looks."

Bill's handsome face flushed and an odd sort of scar or birthmark, running down from temple to chin, took on a deep shade of crimson. "Like a danger signal," I thought, as it glowed against the almost girlish whiteness of his skin.

"Pleased to meet you!" he said. We shook hands. Slim threw his arm over his pal's shoulder.

"Bill's going home with me to be my side-kick in a garage I'm going to run and when you play in Meadville, those two guys you'll hear applaudin' will be us," he added.

"It's just possible that I won't get to Meadville."

"Well, I'll see you again somewhere. I'm as stubborn as a mule and pretty near as lazy," he smiled.

When I said goodbye, I frankly thought it was really goodbye to Slim Reed—and I wish with all my heart that it had been.

Two years later, I went out on a concert tour, playing a great many Southern towns and, as I have always done since the war, visited any hospital in any town where there were ex-service men. In one of the largest of the many hospitals where they had nothing but shell-shock and mental cases, I had been through several wards and was pretty nearly all in from the sheer horror of it all.

"Miss Janis," the doctor in charge lowered his voice, "we have a couple of locked wards—of course, I hate to ask you."



"Oh! Do let me go in!" I said. "I've never gone into one yet where one or two of the men, who are supposed to be absolutely hopeless, haven't recognized me. I'm not afraid!"

"Good!" he said. "Come this way." We walked along the narrow prison-like hall and stopped in front of an iron door.

"Jimmy!" he called. "Oh, Jimmy!" A tough-looking little chap, all smiles, came running from somewhere.

"Hello, Doc!" he said. "This is Miss Janis," the Doc said.

"Miss Janis!" he emphasized the name. "Sure, I know—I saw you in La Ferte." Jimmy looked at me and grinned.

"La Ferte! 26th Division?" "Yeah!"

"What are you doing way down here?" "Oh, they got nuts here from every outfit." He was unlocking the door.

"Jimmy takes care of these fellows," the doctor said.

We stepped inside. About twenty men looked up. Surprise, anger, pleasure, resentment—the air was charged with the conglomeration of emotions. I moved forward, Jimmy beside me.

"Hey, you bozos, get up! A lady's come to see you." He looked around the room menacingly. Two or three moved uneasily—others turned their backs.

"I just came in to say hello and sing you a song if you want me to." I was trying to cover them all with my glance.

Suddenly, a laugh broke the silence. A laugh once heard, never forgotten. It was more like a cough—empty and harder than the walls of that heart-breaking room. I turned quickly, for the laugh came from a corner behind me and there, leaning against the wall, just as he had leaned against the lamp post under my window in Baccarat, stood Slim Reed.

"Why, Slim!" I walked toward him, holding out my hand. "How are you?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! That's a scream! How am I? Ha! Ha! Ha!" The sound was terrifying. "Great! I'm great and oh, so happy!" Again he laughed. His eyes were absolutely expressionless and his handsome mouth, set in a grin, like a sarcastic skeleton.

Jimmy was behind me. "Better let him alone, he's awful tricky."

"Hey, Slim, want Miss Janis to sing?"

"Yes. Ha! Ha! Ha! Let's all sing 'Rock-a-bye-baby, on the tree top, when the wind blows'—Ha! Ha! Ha!"

He had his head against the cold stone wall and continued to laugh with his eyes closed. I tried to sing; some of them listened but Slim's laughter was getting on these tortured nerves so I gave it up. He took no notice when we left. The door slammed and even through the iron and steel of it I could hear him laughing.

"I knew that fellow in France and saw him on the way home. He showed no bad effects of the war," I said to the doctor.

"No," he said. "He is a post-war case

and it's a very sad thing. Oh, Jimmy. I want to stop at number eleven. Will you take Miss Janis over to sixteen?"

The doctor bowed and walked away.

"Do you know anything about Slim Reed's case?" I said to Jimmy.

"Sure! I was already in here when they brought him. He came in a jacket."

"But are you supposed to be crazy?"

"Sure! They won't keep you if you ain't. I've been in and out ever since the war but I'm a trusty—harmless!"

"I didn't know," I dropped the subject. We walked along, side by side.

"Tell me about Slim," I said.

"Well, it's a dirty story. He came home and was doing fine. Had a garage in his home town, a wife he was crazy about, and things was going fine. He brought a guy home from the war with him—a Swede."

"I met him on the boat," I said.

"Where is he now?"

"Oh! He's croaked! That's what started Slim laughing. The Swede stole his wife. Slim never even suspected and she had him all kidded that there was nothing to it, when the Swede gets remorse, goes out behind the new garage and hangs himself. I guess Slim started to go nuts then 'cause he loved the dirty so and so like a brother."

"How dreadful!"

"You ain't heard nothing! The wife was going to have a kid and she about died when they found the Swede swinging there in the breeze but after a bit, she pipes down and waits, peaceful-like, as if in a way things was O. K. Well, the kid is born and it's as Swedish as Stockholm—light-haired and blue eyes, and Slim's wife was darker than him even. Well, she lies and alibis around—telling how her folks was blondes and Slim begins believing her."

We had reached the ward; he started to unlock the door.

"Oh! Wait a minute!" I said. "Then what happened?"

"Well," he cleared his throat, nervously. "You see the Swede had a queer birthmark on his cheek and by the time the kid was about a year old, it began to show up on his little mug like a red light."

I shuddered. He was quoting my own description—a danger signal!

"And?" I said, in a shaking voice.

And Jimmy continued: "They found Slim sitting by the bed where he choked her and the kid to death, laughing his fool head off, and he ain't stopped since."



"Hey, you! Sit up! A lady's come to see you." He stepped inside and I followed him, my knees knocking together, my heart bursting.

Later, when I was leaving the hospital, I saw Jimmy looking out through the barred doors. He was waving his hand and smiling blandly.

"Doctor," I said as I returned his wave, "is Jimmy really crazy?"

"Well, I'll let you judge. Every time we think he is (Continued on page 70)

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### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS FINANCIAL STATEMENT April 30, 1936

#### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 403,153.14	
Notes and accounts receivable.....	69,963.09	
Inventories.....	96,492.01	
Invested funds.....	\$1,388,312.70	
Reserve for investment valuation....	14,603.12	1,402,915.82
Permanent investment:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	187,188.30	
Office Building, Wash., D. C., less depreciation.....	129,887.64	
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation.....	35,207.23	
Deferred charges.....	22,332.28	
		\$2,347,139.51

#### Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current liabilities.....	\$ 58,771.84	
Funds restricted as to use.....	24,865.73	
Deferred income.....	344,313.49	
Permanent Trust:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	187,188.30	
		\$ 615,139.36
Net worth:		
Restricted capital \$1,316,564.43		
Unrestricted capital 415,435.72		1,732,000.15
		\$2,347,139.51

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

## Hollow Laughter

(Continued from page 69)

all right and let him out, he marries some girl. He has married seven so far."

"He is decidedly crazy," I said.

The doctor shook my hand, thanked me, and said seriously, "Sherman was right, Miss Janis. War is hell!"

"When he said that he forgot about women," I said.

The motor started and I sat back,

tears streaming wildly down my cheeks.

It's over fifteen years ago and still, on the street, in a motor, at the opera, at the movies, playing cards, dancing, or even listening to the radio, I catch my breath and fight to keep myself from crying out as into my ears comes clanging with fiendish precision, LAUGHTER—HOLLOW LAUGHTER!

## LEGION DEPARTMENT CONVENTIONS

EACH new year the Department Conventions of The American Legion grow in magnitude and importance. With a year of great national Legion accomplishment nearing a close, the post delegates in each State will in the 1936 conventions review equally successful statewide programs and consolidate Department sentiment for the guidance of National Convention delegates.

With the exception of Florida, which held its convention in April, the following is a list of time and place of each Department Convention:

Department	City	Date
Alabama	Huntsville	July 19-20-21
Alaska	Juneau	Sept. 2-3-4-5
Arizona	Phoenix	Sept. 3-4-5
Arkansas	Fort Smith	Aug. 24-25-26
California	Hollywood	Aug. 10-11-12
Canada	Windsor	June 27
Colorado	Pueblo	Aug. 21-22
Connecticut	New Britain	July 29-30, 31—Aug. 1
Delaware	Wilmington	Aug. 28-29
District of Columbia	Washington	Aug. 13-15
Georgia	Athens	June 25-26-27
Hawaii	Honolulu	July 6-7
Idaho	Idaho Falls	Aug. 9-10-11-12
Illinois	Danville	Aug. 24-25
Indiana	Muncie	Aug. 23-24-25
Iowa	Clinton	Aug. 24-25-26
Kansas	Wichita	Sept. 6-7-8
Kentucky	Paducah	July 20-21-22
Louisiana	New Orleans	Aug. 27-28-29
Maine	Lewiston	June 26-27-28
Maryland	Baltimore	Aug. 26-27-28-29
Massachusetts	Springfield	Aug. 20-21-22
Michigan	Lansing	Aug. 16-17-18
Minnesota	Brainerd	Aug. 16-17-18-19
Mississippi	Greenville	June 21-22-23-24
Missouri	Springfield	Sept. 6-7-8
Montana	Missoula	Aug. 17-18
Nebraska	Omaha	Aug. 23-24-25-26
Nevada	Reno	July 30-31—Aug. 1
New Hampshire	Newport	Sept. 10-11-12-13
New Jersey	Asbury Park	Sept. 10-11-12
New Mexico	Clovis	Aug. 6-7-8
New York	Syracuse	Sept. 3-4-5
North Carolina	Asheville	July 26-27-28
North Dakota	Jamestown	July 12-13-14
Ohio	Portsmouth	Aug. 23-24-25
Oklahoma	Tulsa	Sept. 6-7-8
Oregon	Roseburg	Aug. 13-14-15
Panama	Balboa	July 12
Pennsylvania	Johnstown	Aug. 20-21-22
Philippine Is.	Manila	July 4
Rhode Island	Providence	Aug. 13-14-15
South Carolina	Charleston	Aug. 9-10-11
South Dakota	Yankton	Aug. 3-4-5
Tennessee	Chattanooga	Aug. 23-24-25
Texas	Beaumont	Aug. 29-30-31—Sept. 1
Utah	Salt Lake City	Aug. 20-22
Vermont	Burlington	Aug. 13-14-15-16
Virginia	Roanoke	Aug. 23-24-25-26
Washington	Longview	Aug. 20-21-22
West Virginia	Huntington	Sept. 6-7-8-9
Wisconsin	Neehan-Menasha	Aug. 16-17-18
Wyoming	Laramie	Aug. 20-21-22

## X Marks the Spot

(Continued from page 34)

Assoc.—National and Ohio State reunion. Headquarters and banquet at Carter Hotel, Roy L. Hiller, chmn., 418 Burleigh av., Dayton, Ohio.

YD (26th) Div.—YD men in Cleveland and vicinity are needed to arrange for YD reunion dinner and placing of memorial tablet on Gen. Edwards' birthplace in Cleveland during Legion national convention. Report to Len Maloney, natl.

pres., Y. D. V. A., 208 State bldg., Hartford, Conn.

RAINBOW (42D) Div.—Convention reunion-banquet, Hotel Carter, Cleveland, during Legion natl. convention. GHQ in Rainbow Room of that hotel. (This reunion in addition to annual Rainbow convention-reunion, Kansas City, July 13-15.) Dale F. Powers, 56 Kent rd., Tallmadge, Ohio.





THE SALUTING DEMON OF THE A.E.F. CATCHES A VICTIM OUT OF UNIFORM, BUT WEARING A TRENCH COAT AS A BATH-ROBE

80TH Div.—Proposed reunion-dinner. C. D. Ackerman, 2176 Atkins av., Lakewood, Ohio.

326TH INF., Cos. I and M. G.—Proposed reunion. Jack Steinen, Clinton Corners, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

331ST INF., Co. E—Proposed reunion. Henry Tieleman, 14112 Glenside rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

348TH INF., Co. G—Reunion, Sun, Sept. 20, 3 p.m. All vets invited to visit dugout at 3581 Fulton rd., Cleveland. Write to W. J. Adler, chmn., at dugout.

326TH M. G. BN., Co. D—11th annual reunion, at convention, Cleveland. Walter M. Wood, Drawer 1001, Portsmouth, Ohio.

8TH F. A., BTRY. C., 7TH Div.—Reunion. J. W. Shattuck, 1185 St. Charles av., Lakewood, Ohio.

36TH F. A., PLYMOUTH (12TH) Div.—Vets of Camp McClellan, Ala., interested in convention reunion, write to Frank M. Wick, 266 Cambridge av., Buffalo, N. Y.

78TH F. A., BTRY. F—Proposed reunion. Everett O. Powell, Salem, Ark.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Al Grant, 833 E. 78th st., Chicago, Ill. Write C. E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for the News.

21ST ENGRS., L. R. Soc.—16th annual reunion at Cleveland, Sept. 20-22. F. G. Webster, secy., treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Henry J. Sterk, secy.-treas., 3938 W. 62d st., Chicago, Ill. Write B. H. Benson, 518 N. Cuyler av., Chicago, for copy of *The Engineer Along the Highway of Life*.

26TH ENGRS.—Convention reunion. Ed. Quinlan, 1442-101st st., Cleveland, Ohio, or J. B. Creed, 4860 Lenox av., Detroit, Mich.

29TH ENGRS.—First national reunion, at convention. H. E. Seifert, 4 Tonkin ct., Kent, Ohio.

39TH ENGRS.—Reunion and banquet, Cleveland, Sept. 22. B. E. Ryan, secy., 621 Locust av., Clarksburg, W. Va., or Thomas Schultz, 1105 Mathews av., Utica, N. Y.

37TH ENGRS., Co. F, (ELECT. & MECH.)—Reunion. Stan Shupp, 14765 Athens av., Lakewood, Ohio.

30TH ENGRS., Co. B—Reunion. M. H. Binkley, 7403 Dellenbaugh av., Cleveland, Ohio.

52D TEL. BN., Sig. Corps—Annual reunion, at convention. Vets of Cos. D and E, and Hq. Det. write to Jas H. West, 4530 S. Grand av., St. Louis, Mo.

M. T. C. UNITS 301-2-3, NEVERS AND VERNEUIL—Reunion. W. R. Naylor, 1721 Burgess rd., Cleveland.

M. T. C. UNIT 310—Proposed reunion. Frank Florea, Route 1, Bridgeville, Del.

LA SOCIETE DES SOLDATS DE VERNEUIL (BASE SPARE PARTS 1, 2, and 3, M. T. C. 327)—Annual reunion, at Legion national convention, Sept. 21. B. C. Peterson, Jr., secretaire, 165 N. Elizabeth st., Chicago, Ill.

199TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Lee H. Beers, Northfield, Ohio.

224TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. W. B. Matthews, 2208 Cumming st., Omaha, Nebr.

471ST AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Miles J. Simmons, 524 N. Center st., Turlock, Calif.

851ST AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Ralph Krupp, 70 W. Market st., Tiffin, Ohio.

AIR SERVICE—Reunion-banquet of all air service veterans. J. E. Jennings, natl. adjt., 1128 S. 3d st. Louisville, Ky.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Hq., Hotel Cleveland at Cleveland. Craig S. Herbert, personnel offer., 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

NAVY—All-Navy banquet. Write to Navy Post, American Legion, 4622 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

NAVAL AVIATION CAMP, CAP FERRET, France—Proposed reunion. Charles G. Webb, Jr., U. S. Veterans Facility, Marion, Ind.

BOSTON NAVAL PRISON GUARD—Reunion of 1917-18 vets. John M. Wells, 107 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

U. S. S. *Hancock*—Proposed reunion. Frank L. Mahoney, ex-sparks, 500 Main st., Brockton, Mass.

U. S. S. *Iowa* and U. S. S. *Rhode Island*. Reunion. Wendell R. Lerch, 400 Front st., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. *South Carolina*—Reunion. J. M. Williams, 806 W. William st., Kendallville, Ind.

U. S. S. *Wyoming*—Reunion. E. J. Degnan, 410 Rockwell av., Stratford, Conn.

U. S. S. *Yantic* and U. S. S. *Essex*—Reunion of '17-'18 crew. Report to Eddie Fainton, CQM, and Eddy Mack, CY, 843 E. 93d st., Cleveland, Ohio.

BASE HOSP. No. 136—4th reunion. E. V. McCarthy, M. D., secy., 108 N. State st., Chicago, Ill.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 3—Reunion. Frank D. Leslie, 16610 Kinsman rd., Shaker Heights, Ohio.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 6 VETS. ASSOC.—Convention reunion. Russell I. Prentiss, South Lincoln, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 10—Proposed reunion. Herman A. Wenige, P. O. Box 448, Jeffersonville, Ind.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 22—Proposed reunion of entire staff. Paul E. Desjardins, Lapeer, Mich.

CAMP SURGEON'S OFFICE ASSOC., CAMP MERRITT, N. J.—Reunion. Dr. Arthur L. Hyde, 812 Slattery bldg., Shreveport, La.

PRISONERS OF WAR—Proposed reunion. Irving Zolie, Woodrow Hotel, Beaumont, Tex.

SOC. OF CROSSED QUILLS—Ex-field clerks. Dan Sowers, care The American Legion 1936 Conv. Corp., Cleveland, Ohio.

GREEK VETERANS REUNION—Hellenic Post, American Legion, Cleveland, will be host to all veterans of Greek extraction. Vlahos John Harris, chmn., 1641 Grace av., Lakewood, Ohio.

**N**OW for reunions and other activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention in Cleveland.

The Second Division Association, A. E. F., will hold its annual reunion at the Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., July 16th to 18th, during which period its war memorial will be dedicated. For details write to National Headquarters, Second Division Association, Earle Building, Washington, D. C. Many of the units of the division will meet at the same time, including the 17th Field Artillery, whose reunion plans are in charge of James L. Sykes, 213 Coltart Square, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Announcement is made that the 33d Division War Veterans Association will meet in Aurora, Illinois, June 27th and 28th, for its tenth annual meeting. The convention will be held at the Exposition Amusement Park, the midnight show in the Log Cabin Hall. For particulars, write to A. C. MacDonald, 424 Walnut Street, Aurora, Illinois, or to Secretary William E. Keith of the Association, 127 North Dearborn (Continued on page 72)

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# Here's How To Treat FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT



## PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED Send Coupon

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

### Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

### Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

### Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief, especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

### H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money. don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know that you will be glad to send us \$1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC. A.L.  
870 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
CITY..... STATE.....

## X Marks the Spot

(Continued from page 71)

Street, Room 1022, Chicago, Illinois.

For particulars of the following, write to the Legionnaires listed:

SECOND DIV.—Annual reunion and dedication of war memorial, Washington, D. C., July 16-18. Hq. at Willard Hotel. Second Div. Assoc., Earle bldg., Washington.

SECOND DIV., CALIF.—Banquet and reunion in conjunction with Calif. Legion Dept. Conv., Hollywood, Calif., Aug. 10-12. E. M. Lewin, secy., 650 S. Spring st., Los Angeles.

SOC. OF THIRD DIV.—Annual national reunion, Hotel Madison, Atlantic City, N. J., July 9-12. C. J. McCarthy, secy., Box 137, Camden, N. J.

FOURTH DIV., CALIF.—Annual reunion during Legion Dept. conv., Aug. 9. Register at 4th Div. dugout, 2035 N. Highland av., Hollywood, Calif. Edw. J. Maire, secy.-treas., 1170 N. Cummings st., Los Angeles.

SOC. OF FIFTH DIV.—Annual national reunion, Hotel Biltmore, Providence, R. I., Sept. 5-7. Walter F. Pears, gen. chmn., 62 Louis av., Providence. Copies of 5th Div. History may be obtained from William B. Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—National convention, Worcester, Mass., June 26-28. Edwin J. Noyes, gen. secy., Bancroft Hotel, Worcester.

SOC. OF THE 28TH DIV., A. E. F.—Sixth annual convention, Wilkinsburg, Pa., July 30-Aug. 1. Wm. G. Blough, secy., P. O. Box 11, Homewood Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.

29TH DIV. ASSOC.—Convention-reunion, Sea Girt, N. J., Sun., Aug. 23. H. J. Lepper, chmn., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

30TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion in Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 29. Warren A. Fair, Lincoln, N. C.

30TH DIV.—Limited edition divisional history available. E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark.

32D DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Biennial convention-reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Sept. 5-6. Byron Beveridge, secy., 1148 Florence ct., Madison, Wisc.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—18th annual reunion, Hotel Netherland Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Jas. A. Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV. VETS.—Annual national convention-reunion, Kansas City, Mo., July 13-15. Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4643 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich. Send for copy *The Rainbow Reveille* to Harold B. Rodier, 717 N. Sixth st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV.—Copies of divisional history, "Americans All—The Rainbow at War," at three dollars, may be ordered from Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4643 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.

78TH DIV. ASSOC.—Mid-summer reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 14-16 (changed from July 24-26). For details and membership in Assoc., including copies of *The Flash*, write to John Kennedy, secy., New Hope, Pa.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—17th annual reunion of all vets. of Blue Ridge Division in Richmond, Va., Aug. 6-9. Julian P. Todd, gen. chmn., Richmond.

101ST INF., 26TH DIV.—Convention-reunion, Clinton, Mass., Sept. 11-12. Jas. H. Molran, secy., 432 High st., Clinton.

114TH INF.—Reunion, Sea Girt, N. J., Sun., July 12. H. J. Lepper, adjt., 343 High st., Newark, N. J. 138TH INF., A. E. F.—Annual reunion at Btry. A Armory, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 1. Harry J. Dierker, secy., 5906 Kennerly av., St. Louis.

353TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Kearney, Nebr., Sept. 20-21. C. W. Hill, pres., Kearney.

9TH INF., CO. M.—Reunion during N. Y. Legion Dept. Conv., Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 3-5. Leo J. Bailey, 337 N. Peterboro st., Canastota, N. Y.

125TH INF., CO. A, 32D DIV. (Co. A, 1st & 2d Wisc. INF.)—7th annual reunion, Baraboo, Wisc., July 25-26. A. F. Prange, secy.-treas., 518 S. Park st., Reedsburg, Wisc.

129TH INF., Hq. Co.—4th annual reunion, Pontiac, Ill., Sept. 12-13. Families also invited. Geo. W. Burton, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago, Ill.

132D INF., CO. F.—Organization of club and reunion. Report to Bill Lane, 4543 N. Western av., Chicago, Ill.

134TH INF., CO. I.—Reunion-picnic, Burwell, Nebr., Sun., Aug. 30. C. W. Clark, Ord, Nebr.

357TH INF., CO. M.—Reunion, Camp Dumont, Wichita Natl. Forest, Lawton, Okla., July 24-25. Martin G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.

359TH INF., CO. B.—Reunion at Gainesville, Tex., Sun., Sept. 13. Fred Hopkins, Jr., Krum, Tex.

51ST PIONEER INF.—13th annual reunion, Kingston Municipal Auditorium, Kingston, N. Y., Sept. 13. Arthur Fox, chmn. reunion comm., 67 Hudson st., Kingston.

56TH PIONEER INF.—5th annual reunion, Monroe, N. C., Aug. 7. John Winchester, secy., Monroe.

306TH M. G. BN., Co. A.—10th annual reunion, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Oct. 10. Ralph L. Newcome, 87-25 115th st., Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

11TH F. A.—Reunion, York, Pa., Sept. 5-7. Write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, N. Y. for roster and *The Cannoneer*.

12TH F. A.—Reunion, with 2d Div. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 16-18. James L. Sykes, 213 Coltart sq., Pittsburgh, Pa.

20TH F. A. ASSOC.—Write to Leon C. W. Ketting, actg. adjt., 113 Clymens dr., Toledo, Ohio, regarding association and for *The Observer*.

322D F. A. ASSOC.—17th annual reunion, Hamilton, Ohio., Aug. 15. L. B. Fritsch, secy., Box 324, Hamilton.

12TH F. A., BTRY. C.—Reunion-dinner, with 2d Div. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 16-18. Irving Chayken, Parthenon bldg., Hammond, Ind. 64TH C. A. C., BTRIES, D and E—Reunion, Toledo, Ohio, June 27-28. T. E. Watson, secy., 605 Ogden av., Toledo.

116TH BTRY., TRENCH ART.—Reunion, Langdon, N. D., July 14. L. H. Nickeson, Langdon.

5TH REGT., 49TH CO., MARINES—Reunion, Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., July 16-18, with 2d Div. reunion. A. L. Geist, Newark, Del.

6TH REGT., 82D CO., MARINES—Reunion with 2d Div. reunion, Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., July 16-18. Write D. N. Harding, 119 Appleton st., Cambridge, Mass., for free copy *Company News*.

6TH REGT., 75TH CO., MARINES—Reunion, Washington, D. C., July 16-18, with 2d Div. reunion. Report to C. L. Kelly, Patton, Pa.

6TH REGT., 83D CO., MARINES—Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., July 16-18. Write B. Steve Schwabke, 1232 Bellevue av., Los Angeles, Calif., for copy of *The Noble Following*.

MARINE DET., U. S. NAV. RADIO STA., TUCKERTON, N. J.—Proposed reunion. Arthur V. Waldron, Socony Vacuum Co., 230 Park av., New York City.

22D ENGRS., CO. K—Annual reunion-picnic, Rocks Park, Charleston, Ill., Aug. 23. Robert O. Brooks, Hardin, Ill.

VETS. OF 31ST RV. ENGRS.—8th reunion, Denver, Colo., Aug. 23-25. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104 1/2 First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—7th annual reunion-basket picnic, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 6. Hq. at Gibbons Hotel. George Remple, secy., 2521 N. Main st., Dayton.

109TH ENGRS.—For new roster, report to L. O. Tisdale, 1718 Park av., S. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

308TH ENGRS. VET. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Cambridge, Ohio, Aug. 1-2. Lee W. Staffer, 1406 Campbell st., Sandusky, Ohio.

309TH ENGRS.—13th annual reunion, Fort Logan (Denver), Colo., present station of Col. Jarvis J. Bain, C. O., July 24-25. Claude L. Orr, secy., 678 S. Remington rd., Columbus, Ohio.

314TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion in St. Louis, Mo., in Oct. Bob Walker, 2720 Ann av., St. Louis.

319TH ENGRS.—3d annual reunion, Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood, Calif., Aug. 8. Kenneth S. Thomson, secy., 218 Central Bank bldg., Oakland, Calif., or E. L. Soister, 1009 S. Hill st., Los Angeles, chmn. reunion comm.

210TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Champaign, Ill., Aug. 23. H. S. Lewis, 107 W. White st., Champaign.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—Letter reunion. Write to L. J. Ford, 628 W. York st., Philadelphia, Pa.

313TH F. S. BN.—16th annual reunion, Chamberlain Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 3. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

416TH TEL. BN. ASSOC.—Vets. not receiving *Wig Wag*, report to T. N. Kimmel, secy., 7959 Avalon av., Chicago, Ill.

309TH AMMUN. TRN.—Annual encampment-reunion, Shakamak Park, Jasonville, Ind., Sept. 6. H. E. Stearley, 403 N. Meridian, Brazil, Ind.

308TH M. P. ASSOC.—Picnic-reunion, Toledo Post Island, Toledo, Ohio, July 26. Vets. of Hq., 253d and 254th Cos. invited. H. Heidenfelder, 1439 Orchard Grove av., Lakewood, Ohio.

Co. F, 309TH SUP. TRN. COS.—10th annual reunion, Biltmore Hotel, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 8-9. C. C. Perry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

Co. A, ERIE SCHOOL BOARD TRNG. DET.—Reunion, Johnstown, Pa., Aug. 20-22. J. D. Kimmel, Johnstown Trust bldg., Johnstown.

U. S. S. Mount Vernon—18th reunion, Boston, Mass., Sept. 5. P. N. Horne, 110 State st., Boston.

U. S. NAV. WORLD WAR VETS.—Reunion, Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 25-26. Robert O. Levell, Burr bldg., Newcastle, Ind.

152D AMB. CO.—Reunion with Indiana Legion Dept. Conv., Muncie, Ind., Aug. 22-25. Earl Phillips, 1st Natl. Bank bldg., Marion, Ind.

HOSP. TRNS. NOS. 1-2-3-4 and UNIT CAR DET.—Proposed reunion of officers and men. William E. Powell, Police Hq., Rochelle Park, N. J.

VETS. OF A. E. F. SIBERIA—Annual reunion, Knickerbocker Hotel, Hollywood, Calif., Aug. 11. Claude P. Deal, chmn, 920 Chester Williams bldg., Los Angeles.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—17th annual Usaac convention, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 16-19. For details and new Usaac Directory, write Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

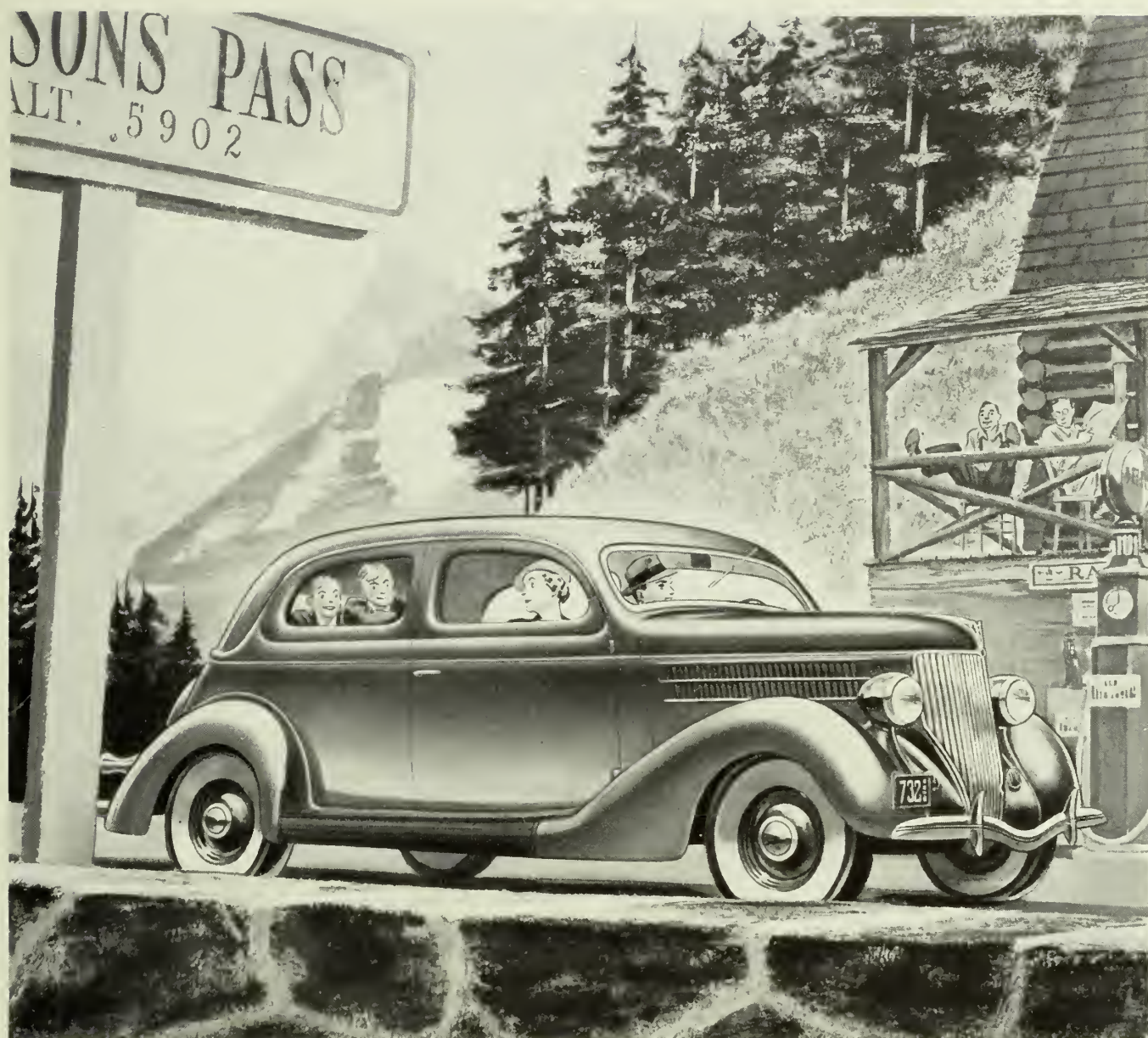
3D U. S. CAV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Washington, D. C., Sept. 5-7. "Ike" Ed Shoemaker, adjt., Higley bldg., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

MIL. ORDER OF THE PURPLE HEART, DEPT. OF N. J.—State convention, Sea Girt, N. J., July 26. Hq., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

MALLET RESERVE, CO. C—Vets. interested in proposed reunion, report to W. G. (Doc) Sabey, 181 Glenwood av., Leonia, N. J.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk





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